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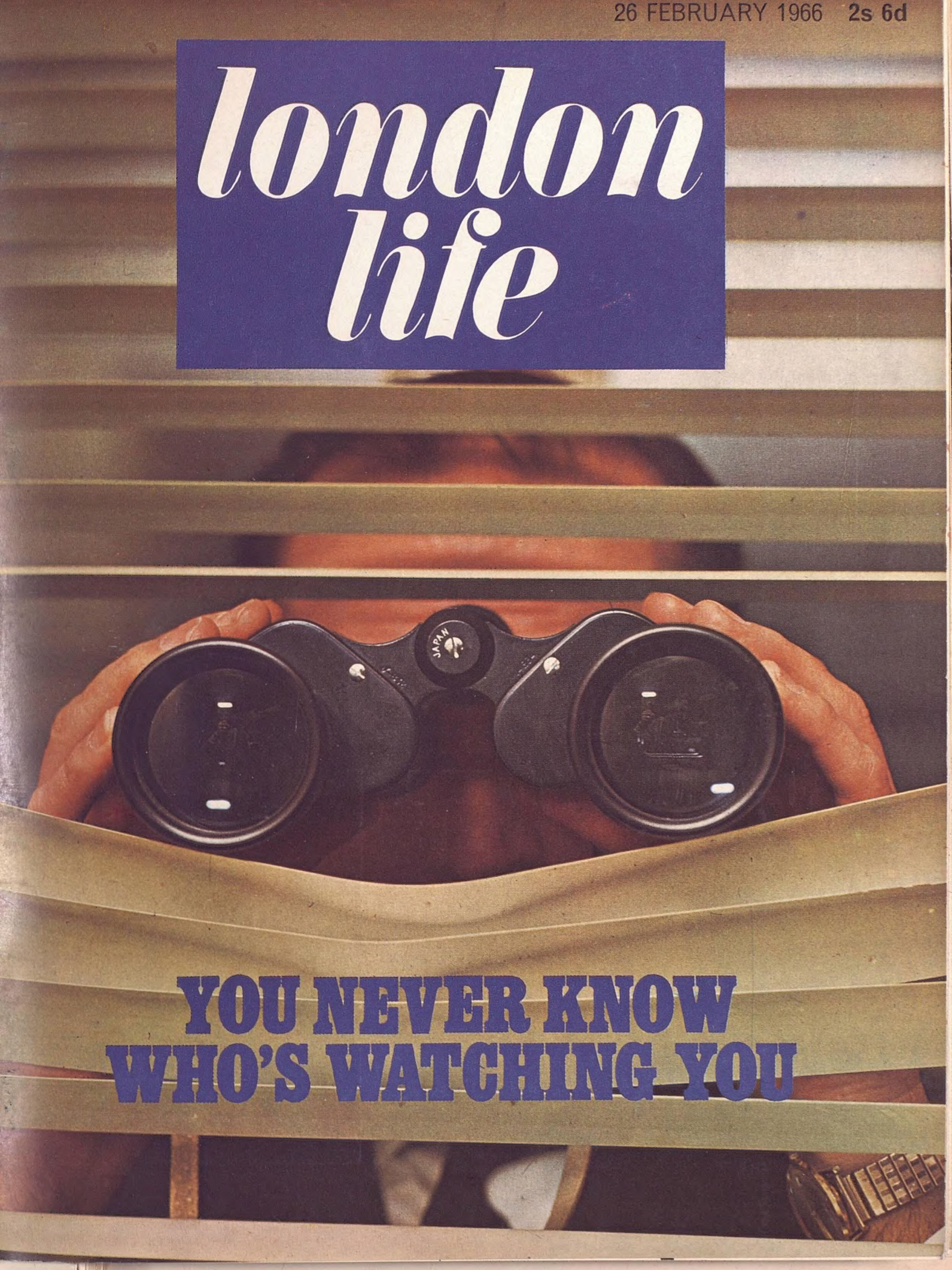

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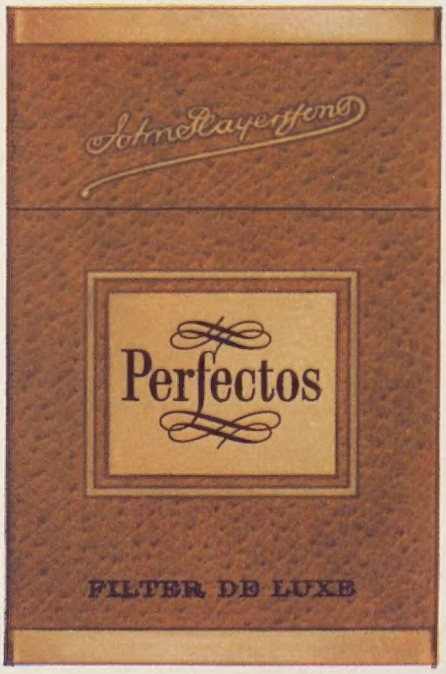

Acknowledgement to N. Fletcher, 107, The Drive, Bexley, Kent.

PFT 28

inside london life

The world of the private detective is sometimes sinister, sometimes humdrum but always mysterious. See page 26

Like an uncombed tiger from the primal tank – that's one description of Mick Jagger. Read more about him on page 22

It's party time . . . and this girl wore a towel. London Life held a party, too, for the London Birds of the Sixties. See page 7

She's an incendiary – and London Life predicts she will set London alight this spring. Meet Gillian Lynne on page 16

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Plus, of course, London Life's comprehensive guide to what's going on in the world of entertainment – see page 45

The Vere Harmsworths have talked it over and made up their minds – to engage some Chinese servants for their penthouse home in Chester Square.

The Hon Vere is, of course, Lord Rothermere's son and vice-chairman of Associated Newspapers, and the idea came to him and his vivacious wife when they visited Charles Clore recently. "We were so impressed by his Chinese staff," says Mrs Harmsworth. Other friends of theirs, the Danzigers, also have Chinese help – "their cleanliness and efficiency struck us," Mrs Harmsworth explains.

"Accordingly," Mrs Harmsworth says, "we are going to take the opportunity to go to Hong Kong in two or three weeks' time and see a number of girls, to interview them for the jobs. We only need about three for our London home."

The three hopefuls

Election speculation has only been with us for a few weeks: three other dates in the London calendar have been fluctuating back and forth for far longer. As we go to press, it is thought that the London Playboy Club, in Park Lane, is hoping to open in late May; the GPO can give no firm date for the restaurant on top of their Tower; and Sibylla's, the new club with which George Harrison is associated, hopes to open in mid-March. The Victoria Line, wisely, is aiming for "some time in 1968-69."

Crossman creates chic

Thanks to Richard Crossman, there's a new "in" address to be had in Limehouse: Mr Crossman has prevented the GLC tearing down 78 to 92 Narrow Street – they wanted to give East Enders a "window on the river" – by declaring the houses of unusual architec-

continued overleaf

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tural and historical interest. At number 88 you'll find novelist and lecturer Andrew Sinclair, and his neighbours include Alasdair Clayre, the pop-song writing Fellow of All Souls, Daniel Farson, TV interviewer and sometime publican, and Mr Andy Garnett, a friend of Lord Snowdon.

Seat-holders stump up

The Royal Albert Hall is promoting a private Parliamentary Bill to help it raise more money from the holders of 1,287 seats which are owned either individually or by companies. When the hall was built nearly a century ago, those who invested in the building were entitled to buy 999-year leases on seats. Though seat-holders nowadays do pay a voluntary annual rent, the Bill will enable the Hall to charge up to £36 a year for each seat – still cheap if the holder wants to attend every function in the Hall. Occasionally, a leased seat changes hands – for several hundred pounds.

The pawnbroking business has gone to pot: there are now fewer than 100 licensed pawnbrokers in London, and nationwide there are only 600 members of the Pawnbrokers' Association. Forty years ago there were over 5,000, and even in 1945 there were 1,330. Where do you suppose they hock their brass balls?

For bookish gourmets

Opening next month in Hampstead – London's first *bibliobistro*: a restaurant lined with books for those who like to read as they eat. Called *The Keats*, after one of Hampstead's most distinguished literary alumni, it is being opened by property developers Bernard Hanison and Harold Deco. "The books," says Hanison, "will all be pinched, but we will immediately replace them."

Meter-maddened motorists may care to know that the current price at auctions for a sedan chair in good roadworthy condition is about £230. Insurance is relatively high, but there is no road tax, depreciation or petrol – just two sturdy varlets fed on porter.

What stopped Stop the World?

Last 1 November was publicised widely as "a historic day in film-making" by Warner Brothers. It was the day shooting started on Bill Sargent's production of *Stop The World I Want To Get Off*, starring Millicent Martin and Tony Tanner. In colour, the film's claim to historical significance lay in its revolutionary use of a new camera system called Mitchell 35 – which speeded up the actual shooting of a film and gave the director the sort of choice of shots a TV director with his battery of monitors has. In fact, an established TV director, Philip Saville, was assigned to the production.

Sargent said: "*Stop The World* is a revolution – five weeks rehearsal, two weeks shooting and three weeks post-synchronisation and dubbing, and both history and an excellent film were made."

According to Sargent's timetable the film would be ready five weeks from 1 November. However, the distributors, Warner-Pathe, say that they have not yet received a print of the picture. Their spokesmen said, "Of course, if

continued on page 6

To be unveiled early next month – a new range of shoes designed by TV pop-queen Cathy McGowan. Oddly enough, not all that far out – but thoroughly wearable even by old women of 21 or so.

Vanessa Redgrave is to play the title role in a dramatised version of Muriel Spark's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. To be directed by Peter Wood, the play goes into rehearsal as soon as casting is completed – probably within a fortnight. As yet, no opening date or theatre in the West End has been fixed.

London's oldest music-hall, Wilton's, off Cable Street, is to be demolished, along with most of the surrounding area. Founded in 1859, it became a Wesleyan Mission in 1879 and a rag warehouse in 1950: the

Pierre Cardin (above) and 20 of his staff – including male and female models – are in London this week for the charity presentation of his spring and summer collection at the Commonwealth Institute. His audience on 23 February: Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon, the Countess of Sutherland, Lady Shawcross, Lady McIndoe, Marlon Brando and 700 others at three guineas a ticket. Beneficiaries of the show (revealing Cardin's new slim line): Poliomyelitis Research and the Jerome Housing Fellowship, which provides accommodation for Commonwealth students in London.

Passing through London this weekend on his way to Vietnam will be Dr Wendel Philips (above), described on his card as "economic adviser and representative for His Majesty the Sultan of Oman," and in his spare time an oil millionaire, explorer, rancher, archaeologist and author. Philips is going to Vietnam on holiday "It is," he says, "the greatest show on earth."

Surprisingly, his oil wealth followed his friendship with the Sultan of Oman, rather than the other way around. He met the Sultan while he was exploring in Arabia, and was given a piece of land – which turned out to have several billion barrels of oil beneath it. He uses the money assiduously. He toured the world four times last year, has one of the biggest ranches in the world.

This autumn he has a new book due, "Unknown Oman," and will be in London for its publication.

British Music Hall Society failed in its efforts to save it, which would in any case have cost a small fortune.

Amanda Grinling is to leave the cast of *Alibi For A Judge*, at the Savoy, in April: no replacement is yet chosen, though the play's bookings extend well into the summer

The War Game, though controversial, could never be as chilling as the facts: the Ministry of Agriculture & Fisheries has spent over £200,000 having millions of ration books printed "as an insurance. We don't expect," says a spokesman, "to be using them in the near future."

Hutchinsons will publish in May *The Microcosm*, by Maureen Duffy. Brilliantly written, its literary merit may be obscured in a cloud of notoriety: it deals wholly and openly with lesbianism.

Georg Solti has taped a "master class" for BBC2's *Workshop* series: provisionally going out 28 March. Solti enjoys teaching, and was open to invitations from the London colleges but none of them asked.

A second set of plans for the Heraldic Museum in Queen Victoria Street are now being considered: the scheme was mooted in 1960, sponsored by the Duke of Norfolk, the site secured in the same year. Funds were raised, notably from Felix Fenston. Since then inflation has caught up with the kitty – if and when the new plans are cleared, more money will be needed.

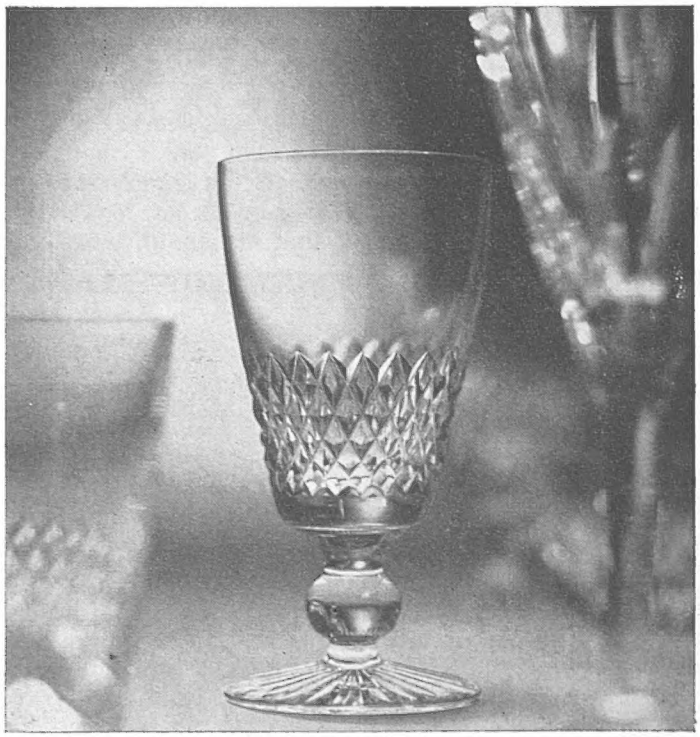
Designer David Hicks is working on a book *The Lairds*, his photographs plus text by Sir Ian Moncrieff of that Ilk, about, well lairds.

Bond, Leamas, Oakes, Solo, Flint, Steed – and still they come: the monstrous regiment of spies. BBC1 even runs a series called "The Spies," normally tending towards the drab realism of Le Carré rather than the opulent fantasy of Fleming. But next month, in an episode called "The Trouble With Aristotle," the BBC are offering an aquatic safebreaking spy called Melina. Played by Isobel Black (above, just before diving into the studio tank), Melina – for at least one instalment – is "The Spies" answer to the even more implausibly talented Mrs Peel. If she goes down well with viewers, perhaps the BBC will send Miss Black to Judo school too. In leather.

Peter Hall is to direct the Royal Shakespeare Company in a new production of Christopher Marlowe's "Edward II". But it will be performed at Hammersmith, not at the Aldwych. In fact, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, heavily disguised to look like the Aldwych. This is all for the purposes of the Columbia picture "The Deadly Affair", from John Le Carré's "Call For The Dead" – in which the girl, to be played by Simone Signoret (above) has to attend a performance of the Marlowe play. So, just for the film, and the aesthetic satisfaction of producer-director Sidney Lumet, the RSC will perform Act 1, Scene 1, and Act 5, Scenes 3 and 5. Eric Porter will play Edward, watched presumably by the stars of the film proper – Maximilian Schell, James Mason, Harry Andrews and Miss Signoret. In colour, too.

The evil Auric Goldfinger can frequently be heard on British television. The voice that chilled Bond as the laser approached has also roared at Barlow in "Z Cars," shouted at Dr Finley in his "Casebook," and bellowed as Farmer Langley in "The Newcomers." All of them, vocally if not otherwise, were actor Michael Collins (above). Not one of the critics who praised Gert Frobe's performance as Goldfinger seems to have realised that the voice was dubbed. Collins was heard as a Hungarian hunchback shouting in an instalment of "It's Dark Outside," and was hired by Eon Productions to be Mr Frobe's broken English voice. So entrenched is Collins as a professional vocal menace that his son Simon, aged 7, completely overlooks his father's claims as an actor and says "My Daddy shouts on the telly."

The next time someone says craftsmanship is dead, show him work like this and prove him to be wrong. Stuart Crystal



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it was only shot last November, they'll still be editing and dubbing." Something seems to have gone agley with the revolution.

Phantom owners lose out

The Rev Chad Varah – the originator of the Samaritan service – has just bought 55 square feet of the City, close to the Bank of England, to give room for a new entrance to the crypt of his church, St Stephen's Walbrook. Contrary to popular belief about land-prices in the golden mile, it cost him only 10 shillings.

Though million-pound deals for relatively small plots are not unknown, some City land does change hands for small sums – when no one knows the real owner. The Corporation has just bought 1,230 square feet of Alfred's Close for £1, and two plots, one of 270 square yards in Sydney Avenue, one of 36 square yards in Moor Lane, for £51: the prices were fixed by the Land Tribunal, and the money paid into the High Court.

A Small Boat on the Thames is the new boating book by Roger Pilkington to be published by Macmillans on 21 March. The cover shows Pilkington in his boat Thames Commodore *on a stretch of water. Thames-siders won't place the scene very easily: it was shot on the River Vezere, near Tulle in South-West France.*

Jazz veterans march in

There are four more opportunities left to see what must be the world's oldest jazz sextet: brought here by 25-year-old London trumpeter Keith Smith, the New Orleans All-Stars have a combined age of 360 plus. Trumpeter Alvin Alcorn is a stripling of 53, clarinettist Darnell Howard is 60, trombonist Jimmy Archey 63, bass player Pops Foster 73, drummer Josiah Frazier 62, and pianist Alton Purnell thinks he is in his early fifties. Howard has visited Britain before – with a show called *Plantation Days* in 1923. The band appears at Southend on 24 February, Leicester on the 25th, Manchester on the 26th and at Sunderland on the 28th: at Sunderland, they will be joined by another New Orleans veteran, trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen – whose 63 years carries them comfortably over the 400 mark.

The pets department at the Army & Navy Stores is to discontinue its range of bee-keeping appliances: they have already stopped stocking doves. Perhaps they're mobilising.

The price of going exotic

Available from Decor Extraordinaire, of Soho: Decor-It-Yourself Kits. There is a choice of styles – Polynesian, Mexican, Bali Hai, Chinese, Samoan or Indian, and prices range from £150 to £1,150. The Bali Hai kit, price £295, gets you: one 9-foot palm tree with six fronds, 10 coloured plants, three tropical plants, two large creepers, 12 illuminated tropical flowers, 10 warrior spears, four warrior shields, 200 yards of fluorescent coloured trails, five illuminated three-foot masks and three ordinary masks.

The company has ample experience: they have done decor for the Ad Lib, Dolly's, Tiffany's, the Establishment, the Beachcomber, Mecca dancing, Golden Egg restaurants and is doing a Chicken Inn.

PARTY TIME:1

It was, if nothing else, the hottest party of the week. A giggle of beautiful girls clutching only bath towels between themselves and their modesty. A goggle of young men clutching glasses of beer nearing boiling point. A latter-day Roman orgy? No, the latest thing in parties. A sauna bath party.

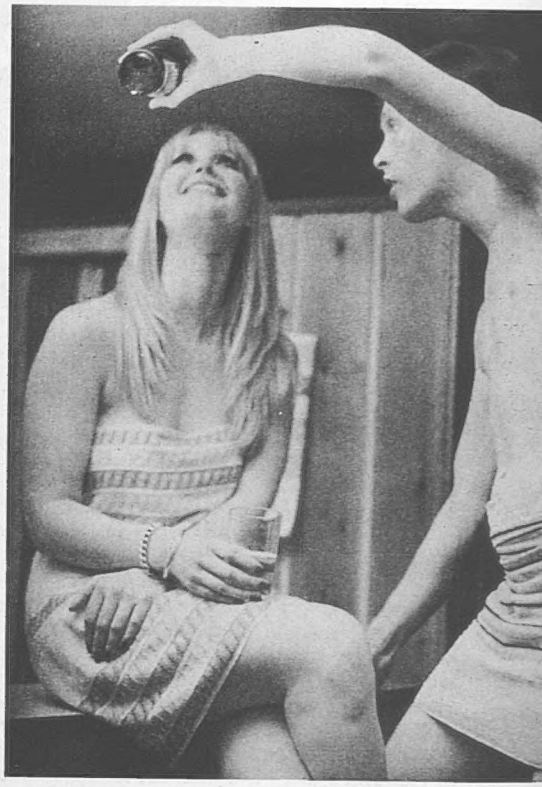
For those who don't know, a sauna bath involves stripping naked, baking yourself in an oven at a temperature up to 150 deg., plunging into a cold bath, and being massaged by supple-armed ladies. In Finland they also throw twigs at you . . . but that is considered not on in Britain.

For the purposes of propriety – and the GLC by-laws – this party was held after public hours at the Ann Douglas sauna bath in the bowels of Lower Regent Street. And the girls and boys got together *after* the naked baking bit, properly covered with ample towelling.

The purpose of the party was to give the manager and members of Blaises club an idea of what went on in a sauna bath. Manager Jim Carter-Fee is considering putting one in the basement of a new show-business club he plans for Piccadilly.

Verdict: Swedish actress Lisbeth Lindeborg thought it "vair nice" and it helped to cheer her up after losing a part in the next Bond film because she couldn't get a work permit.

Left: Model Norma Perriman with David Jones. Below: Fashion artist Amber Deane-Smith and Vic Waters. Bottom: Swedish actress Lisbeth Lindeborg, Swedish model Eva Bjurenstrom and Amber Deane-Smith.



PARTY TIME: 2

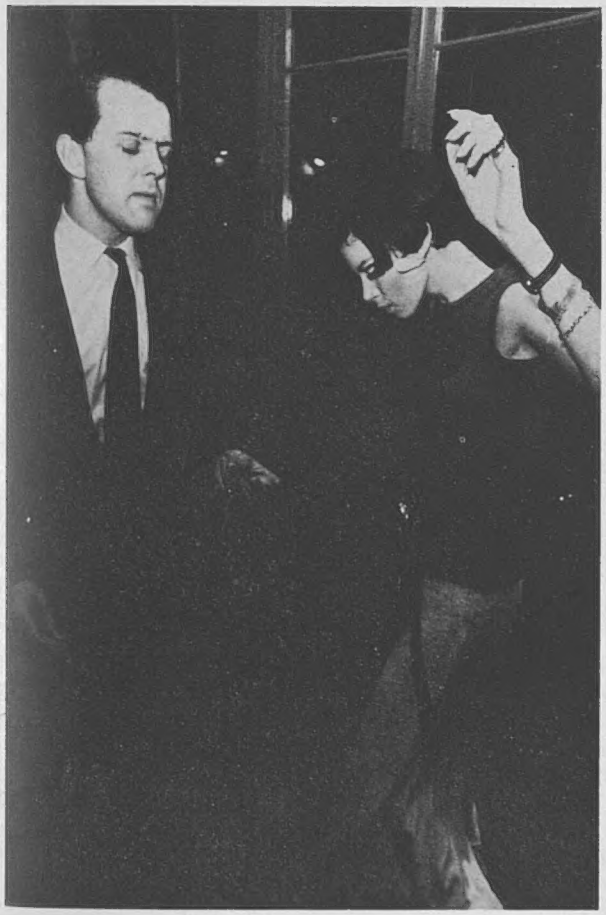
> Her men friends will not be stock-brokers or barristers or merchant bankers or rising young Tory politicians (all of whom she will find "gruesomely boring"),

– that's what we said about the London Bird of the Sixties in *London Life* on 8 January. Not a direct quote from Lucy Bartlett or any of our top nine models, but what we thought a fair assessment of their social attitudes. Within hours, a merchant banker, a stockbroker and two barristers, mortally hurt, had written to us demanding an opportunity to demonstrate their breathtaking effervescence to some London Birds – preferably, Miss Bartlett and our models. None of the girls actually wrote, rang or sent telegrams saying they wanted to meet any merchant bankers, etc., but on the face of it we felt it was our chance to bring sweetness and light into the dark recesses of the City, and a good pretext for a party.

For a romantic setting, we chose the Belvedere in Holland Park – the nearest London has to a fairyland château at night: a beautifully converted 17th-century solarium set amongst the trees of the park, and approached by a suitably sweeping carriage drive. Inside, soft lights, a buffet of glazed meats and endless amounts of – what else – champagne. Since food and drink alone are no diet for either princesses or striving knights errant, music from the Band of Angels – no harps, but Old Harrovians to a man.

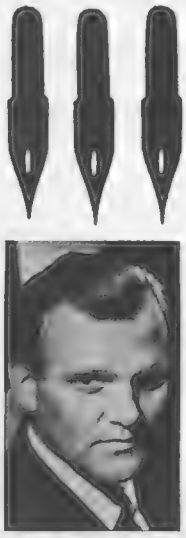
Finally, taking a chance that no one would come in glass slippers, we decided to start when most of London has abandoned the day – at midnight. The London Birds regard this as the middle of the afternoon anyway. By 11.50 pm the Band of Angels were in business, and London Birds were being swept on to the floor by enraptured bankers, brokers and barristers. Both armies broke ranks, and turned out to know the same dance-floor drill: not a man tried to waltz, not a girl to watusi – everybody shook. Waiters loaded their trays with transfusions of Mercier, were engulfed, and staggered back to the bar for reinforcements within moments. Far from breaking the ice, *London Life* found itself redundant – no one seemed to need introducing to anyone else, let alone bringing out: we danced too, taking an occasional glass of champagne, until 4 am – when only compulsory consommé and the exhaustion of the Angels forced everyone out.

At the London Life party. Left: Lucy Bartlett sharing a shake with Angels' manager Robert Wace. Right: Vicki Hardie and Roger Henderson.
Below: Dancing beneath the Belvedere's op-lights, the Angels in full flight. Below right: Model Judith McManus wore the trousers. Bottom left: Shake, Shake, Shake . . . London bird and London gent. Bottom right: Actress Diana Murley.



SEX SYMBOL IN THE MARKET

Lobster in hand, a humdrum housewife takes a sniff of the wares on offer at Billingsgate fish market. Humdrum? Look again – it's that bold sex symbol Diana Dors in what might be termed a character role. The clouds of white-blonde hair are scraped back under the headscarf, the face is denuded of make-up and those familiar pouting lips are in unusually sombre mood. With her in this scene from the film *Sandwich Man* is Anna Quayle. The film has Michael Bentine as the Sandwich Man, whose adventures in London bring him into hilarious contact with scout-master Terry-Thomas, rowing coach Ron Moody and Father O'Malley – alias Norman Wisdom. The *Sandwich Man* also introduces new talent in the shapely form of Tracey Crisp, whose mother is a clippie on a 236 bus.



DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

"Of course it helps to be a peer in business," said Lord Redesdale, owner of a chain of launderettes and marketing director of one of Britain's biggest manufacturers of dry-cleaning equipment. "You are always taken for such a sucker, and by the time someone finds out you are not, it is usually too late."

Eton-educated Lord Redesdale, who spent nine years in advertising before striking out on his own, is a typical member of a new generation of working peers whose life bears no resemblance whatever to the popular image of the landed gentry, treading the ancestral acres and raising nothing but their hats.

Virtually nothing is left of the family estates in Northumberland. "Winston Churchill came up during the First World War for a shooting weekend and commented 'this would make a wonderful shooting range'." Within a matter of weeks that is exactly what it was. That was the end of the estate, but now Lord Redesdale is making a success in a highly competitive commercial world.

Hereditary flair

Peers, and even Dukes, it seems, are fairly catholic in their choice of careers. Far and away the most popular is public relations. After all, that is what a great number of them have been subconsciously engaged on in the projection of their aristocratic images for the past hundreds of years.

The Marquess of Hertford, who began life as a trainee farm labourer and now runs a successful public relations office in Fleet Street, is quite clear in his own mind why he is doing it. "I can't make enough money for my very expensive tastes by opening my family home at Ragley, so I had to do something else as well."

It seems the lot of a peer in business is not always a happy one. "I once failed to get a larger federation account simply because of my title," he said. "I was certain we had got the account but the secretary of the publicity committee told me that I had been reluctantly rejected because the committee would not feel at ease dealing with such an eminent aristocrat.

"On the whole, though," he admitted, "the title does help you to get into the chairman's office a little more quickly."

The whole image of public relations is rapidly rising. The Duke of St Albans becomes the first Duke to enter the profession when his new international company "Informat" goes into operation this month. The Duke – Eton and Magdalen – has had a distinguished career already. He was Director of the Films Division of the Central Office of Information for four years until last year, and had a distinguished war record in Intelligence and Psychological Warfare.

"Having a title works both ways," and he told me "It's easier to get to see the person you want, but sometimes harder to get him to take you seriously once you're there." The Duke's other interests include a property company and an art gallery.

Many and varied are the other careers that peers have taken up. Lord Foley, the eighth baron, has spent most of his life playing the piano for anyone who was prepared to employ him and has, only recently, made a record where he sings to his own accompaniment. Lord Moynihan has proved a singularly successful manager of the activities of his wife, an exotic Oriental dancer, while Lord Rufus Isaacs has had to give up active interest in his business providing anything for a party from a dancing girl to a complete discothèque. The publicity worried his City employer.

Overseas acres

Lord Rideau, son of Earl Alexander of Tunis, is the enterprising promoter of the sale of land for development in the West Indies, controlling operations from luxurious Mayfair offices, while the Earl of Coventry is now actively engaged in an estate agency in the West of England. Lord Aberdare, former Real Tennis champion, is a director of a company which lists the production of gramophone records among its other activities, while the Marquess of Reading has been an active member of the London Stock Exchange since 1953.

The world of the arts has not avoided the attention of Britain's aristocrats. Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke & Montgomery, worked on a new Kirk Douglas film last summer. Lord Rudolph Russell is also in the film business, while Lord Brabourne, the present chairman of the Pay-TV company, was once one of Britain's most successful film directors. As the director of such films as *Sink the Bismarck*, *Harry Black* and *HMS Defiant*, his name appeared on the titles simply as John Brabourne.

Lord Falkland runs one of the most comfortable guest houses in Britain at Fowey in Cornwall, under the active management of his wife. "Having a title hasn't made any difference," he said, "but I do think people have liked using the Falkland family silver for their meals and seeing the family portraits looking down on them in the rooms."

Many peers are quietly doing jobs that are of immense value to the community. Lord March, son of the Duke of Richmond & Gordon, is Director of Industrial Studies at the William Temple College, Rugby, where he was once a student. He is a qualified chartered accountant and spent five years working for Courtaulds. When I telephoned him he told me: "I don't really want to talk about my work, because it makes it look as if a peer is a different sort of animal. When a title is treated as something special it puts up barriers in ordinary human relationships. I hope that I am an ordinary human being."

This was a cry from the heart from a conscientious, sincere and dedicated man. I fear he will never have his wish granted. History, tradition and the love-hate relationship that exists between commoner and aristocrat are against him. The durability and adaptability of Britain's aristocracy are two of the few things that still differentiate us from all other nations in the world. We don't want our peers to be ordinary – however hard they try.

Maybe it's easy to pull the wool over the eyes of an egghead but even so there's a row brewing over the latest sales gimmick on classical records . . . the use of false names, says HEATHER KIRBY

DISCORD ON DISCS

Harpsichordist Millicent Silver: the Variations were embarrassingly varied

The world of classical music may lag leagues behind the top 20 in sales, but *not* in sales techniques like one that inspired an American record company recently to make "Best of the Beatles," an EP by Peter Best, ex-drummer of the Beatles.

Over here, highbrow fans have been able to buy records of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn or Mozart by artists who don't even exist. In countless drawing rooms all over the country, buyers of classical composers are no doubt listening reverently to performances attributed to named musicians who are entirely fictitious.

The curious and incongruous thing about these LPs is that if you listen to the music and ignore the artist's name, you will find that it is in fact being played by very fine artists. In other words, not mutton dressed up as lamb, but Chateaubriand masquerading as pigs' trotters.

Unique gimmick

Miss Janet Craxton, a well-known oboeist, was one of the first musicians to uncover this unique sales gimmick. She listened to what was claimed to be a new recording by a person whose name she did not recognise of a concerto that she had recorded eight years previously. She discovered, not a new rival, but herself.

Said Miss Craxton: "I was astounded to suddenly hear me playing on a record that was supposed to be by someone else. I had never heard of the performer named on the record and have now gathered that there is no such person. Obviously a lot of people will buy both records and presume they are different."

Clive Lithgoe made a record of a selection of well-known classical piano pieces. He said: "It has subsequently appeared under a new label, played by someone with a quite different name. He's me!

"I certainly never gave permission for this to happen but the record company didn't need to ask me. You see, when I made the recording some years ago I was just a struggling musician and one virtually accepts any contract without question. The original was done for a fixed fee so there was no question of royalties, but I should have thought that in deference to one's feelings the company wouldn't get up to a trick like this.

"I wrote to them pointing out that although I knew I had no legal redress it was a question of honour and I have now been told that the record will be withdrawn."

Mr John Francis, whose wife, Millicent Silver, plays the harpsichord and has recorded the Goldberg Variations, said: "It first appeared as a Classics Club album, then under the Saga label, and then the third issue was by another company, but this time the artist named was someone else.

"Someone rang us up to tell use about 'a marvellous new recording of the Variations.'

"So I told a friend of mine at the Times Bookshop and he played them both on different turntables. When he rang us back later he was horrified because it was my wife on both. The two records were one. Apparently there is no such person as the artist named on the record.

"This kind of thing only happens, it seems, in classical music. I believe a member of the public could do something about it – sue the record company for swindle or fraud – but there is nothing the artist can do. I suppose a new label and a new sleeve gives the record a shot in the arm.

Missing bars

"But that's not the only appalling thing that happens in this business. On that particular record I wrote the cover and it was reproduced word for word on the false one without any acknowledgment to me. And there was a false issue of a completely different recording I made, and it had six bars missing. Members of the public never notice these things, but when they go out and buy records of this kind it doesn't say much for their taste or knowledge in music."

Mr D H R Brearley, general secretary of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, said: "We have ransacked the Copyright Act to find a way of fighting this sort of behaviour, but there is nothing we can do legally until the law is changed. But I honestly can't see any government spending the time to change the law, can you?

"We know of three or four cases in which a certain group of recording companies have issued records (which originally came out over the artist's true name) under a fictitious name without the artist's consent. It is regarded throughout the profession as extremely reprehensible and dishonourable, as well as misleading to the public.

Rechristened

"In one case the fictitious name chosen for one of Miss Craxton's recordings had also been used for another artist whom Miss Craxton regards as inferior to herself, which naturally made the position much worse.

"Our Society has made strong representations about this affair to the managing director of the group of companies concerned. He was apologetic about the Craxton case, which he admitted was inexcusable, but refused to admit that the practice of appending fictitious names without the atist's consent had anything intrinsically objectionable about it.

"Nevertheless, we hope our representations will have some effect and that the practice will be discontinued.

"We are advising artists now to stipulate in their contract that the record shall only be sold under their own true or professional names. Unfortunately we didn't cover this clause when the Copyright Act was passed in 1956, but it has never been found necessary before."

It is one thing to see sharp practices shooting up in pop land, but fiddling in the chamber! The possible explanations put forward hardly add up to a crotchet and quaver.

Perhaps it is hoped that a record's sales will be given a new lease of life when it comes out under a new name as though it were a new recording.

Perhaps one company does not wish to seem to be merely duplicating the products of another company. Or perhaps when one of the companies is called a "record club" its members would object to finding that records supposed to be reserved for them are also on sale on the public.

A spokesman at the Times Bookshop record department said: "Everyone in the record business knows about these phoney performers. Even if you're not an expert you can spot some of the idiotic names a mile off. We have been getting very peeved lately by the number coming out for sale. It's infuriating and about time somebody put a stop to it."

At the HMV record shop in Oxford Street a spokesman said: "We try not to handle records like this but we can't always spot them. Mostly they're cheap and badly produced into the bargain."

Another retailer said: "I tell customers that the fictitious performer of the Goldberg Variations is really Millicent Silver, but they still sometimes choose him."

Fictitious rival

Clive Lithgoe, who has approached a member of the House of Lords to introduce a Private Member's Bill said: "He is going to, but it is impossible during this session of Parliament. When I first heard my fictitious rival I was very annoyed, but now I think it's quite funny. You can imagine people all over the place discussing our various merits, intrinsic values, etc. and deciding that they prefer him to me!"

Which just goes to show it must be easier to pull the wool over the eyes of an egghead. No self-respecting 12-year-old would swallow a Rolling Stone disguised as Moby Dagger! Imagine what would happen if a record company dared play such a beastly trick. Long-haired rioters would be throwing bricks instead of falling for the fraud hook, line and sucker.

CHERRY WARD finds out that 2,264 cars into 1,750 meters just won't go

BELGRAVIA DECLARES METER WAR

A revolution has broken out in Belgravia where the residents are making an extravagant uproar about parking meters which are to be thrust upon them later this year. Shampooed poodles are being dragged frantically past the most delightful lampposts in London, while their outraged owners rush from one groomed front door to another, shoving pamphlets through the twinkling letter-boxes.

The row is over a plan by Westminster City Council to scatter 1,750 5s-per-10-hour parking meters over the area, which was originally the quietest and most expensive residential area of London. It has recently become the happy commuters' parking ground, making the long-suffering Belgravia residents furious. Since they found out about the scheme ahead, their anger has increased. Led by Mrs Nigel Campbell (former model Barbara Goalen) a petition of protest has been organised and has been taken from door to door for signature by outraged Belgravia dwellers.

More, please

Lord Boothby; the Duchess of Rutland; Mr Reginald Maudling, Deputy Leader of the Opposition; Mr Aidan Crawley, and Lord Kilmarnock are among people who have already signed.

There are 2,264 cars in Belgravia, which means there will not be enough parking meters to go round. The impassioned ratepayers want 2,264 residents' meters to accommodate all their cars, instead of the 670 meters for residents' use only which the council proposes to put up.

They also want the 5s-for-10-hours charge reduced to 2s 6d, as will be the case in neighbouring Chelsea. Another proposal is that all the 1,750 meters should be adjusted not only for five-hour periods but should take 6d pieces for two-hour parking.

Tory councillor Christopher Anthony Prendergast, who has already been practically buried in petition signatures, and is to put the protest before the City's car parking committee, thinks it is reasonable for Belgravia residents to expect the same treatment as the Chelsea set.

"After all," he explains, "half of Eaton Terrace is in Westminster and the other half in Chelsea. It would be ridiculous for one side to be paying double the amount. Unfortunately the boroughs mingle in this way in many streets."

Another sympathetic councillor is Alison Tennant, who has written to Minister of Transport Barbara Castle entreating her to go to a protest meeting on 22 February.

"I think she ought to know the complete situation, before the scheme comes before her for final approval," she told me. "We also feel that an exception should be made in the times of meters, and that they should start at 9 am and finish at 6 pm to allow mothers to drive the children to school, and still find a place when they get back.

"The present situation is impossible. My sister-in-law had to ask the man next door to keep her place by standing outside the door, while she whizzed the children, loaded with books, to their first day at school."

"Wretched commuters"

Barbara Goalen was one of the first to be roused into action. "I think it is appalling, that we who pay the highest rates in London – between £600 and £700 – should not be able to park our cars because of these wretched commuters, who literally take over Belgravia every day," she said. "Either we have to park in double file in front of our own front doors, or worse still, we are blocked by people who park parallel to us and lock their cars so we cannot even push them out of the way. One of the residents of Chester Square was fined £10 the other day, because some stranger went to find a policeman when he found her car parked beside his own. I mean, you hear people being told to leave their cars at home – but what are we meant to do?"

There is the possibility of rates soaring even higher, so it seems natural enough that the Belgravia residents should protest at the idea of paying another £80 a year on parking meters, plus any fines. And, said Alison Tennant: "I think it is grossly unfair on council flat tenants who are also residents of Belgravia.

"I know Belgravia smells of Debrett but there are many people who certainly could not afford parking meter charges."

Councillor Prendergast has received 70 letters from Eaton Terrace alone. He is convinced that the protest meeting, to be held in Westminster Church Hall, will be packed.

"What about all those Embassies in Belgravia?" he asked. "There are so many of them – Argentine, Japanese, German, Austrian and so on – they will ignore the parking meters of course, and believe me, the space taken up by Embassy cars is incredible."

Councillor Geoffrey Gay, chairman of Westminster's car parking committee and mainly responsible for the original suggestion, already has a headache at the thought of the long battle ahead of him.

Barbara Goalen was able to smile in spite of her fury. "One thing I have learnt is that letter-boxes bite," she said. "I wouldn't be a postman for all the tea in China, the boxes just snap down on your fingers as you try to push something through!"

Belgravia residents are hoping she has not had her fingers bitten for nothing.

Right: Barbara Goalen with Aidan Crawley and her husband (behind car). "This double-parking is appalling," she says.

GILLIAN LYNNE - THE MATCH GIRL WHO WILL SET LONDON ALIGHT

BY ROMANY BAIN

Gillian Lynne: at 14 she was billed as The Baby Ballerina . . . now she directs the show that should be the London hit of 1966.

If anyone is going to set fire to the West End theatre this spring, I predict it will be a small red-maned, blue-eyed female incendiary called Gillian Lynne, dancer/choreographer/actress – and now director. *The Match Girls*, a new musical about the first great strike by East End match girls in 1888, by Bill Owen and Tony Russell, opens at the Globe Theatre on 1 March, having been transferred after a sell-out two-week run in November at the little Leatherhead Theatre Club.

Thirteen managements besieged Miss Lynne for the pleasure of presenting it in town, three of them at the first interval on the first night – including an American who flew in from Rome to see it – and another who wished to present it both here and on Broadway.

Every big film company has been interested in it, Pye are bringing out two records of the music, one instrumental and one original cast album for the foyer on the first night, and, of course, Peter Bridge intends to launch his own rival production called *Strike a Light* in the provinces and take it straight to Broadway.

Miss Lynne hardly knows what has hit her. Her itinerary for 1966 is no rest cure. In January she completed the choreography for Clifford Williams' production of *The Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden with Sean Kenny's space-age sets. On 10 January she flew over for 24 hours to East Germany to the Volksbuhne Theatre to "work out the physical production of Offenbach's operetta *Bluebeard*." She is directing this at Sadler's Wells on 18 May, having been recommended by Binkie Beaumont for the job 3 hours after he saw the opening at Leatherhead.

Rehearsals for *The Match Girls* began on 24 January. In August, Leslie Bricusse's *Noah* is due to open, for which she will choreograph, and in September she whistles back to the Garden to help direct *Benvenuto Cellini*.

Quite a year, even for a girl who flew the Atlantic on theatrical missions eight times in 1965; took glorious crimson velvet curtain calls with Dame Margot and Bobby Helpmann as a leading classical dancer in the early fifties; starred as premiere danseuse in a spectacular series of modern ballets in variety and panto at the Palladium; created the smash-hit of the Edinburgh Festival in '63 with her own Modern Dance Company in *Collages;* choreographed Cliff Richard's film, *Wonderful Life* and staged all the musical numbers of Anthony Newley's *The Roar of the Greaspaint – the Smell of the Crowd* and *Pickwick*, running concurrently on Broadway last year. But it is her new title, a director, that excites her most.

"They were so brave to chance me with it," she said, managing to look both confused yet efficient in the kitchen of her Brook Green cottage. She was spooning an omelette into her mouth from a cereal plate, washed down with an arsenically strong cup of tea, followed by two crumpets. She swears she hasn't had time to sit down to a proper meal for two years and that her voice is so deliciously hoarse because she has never stopped shouting at companies.

"I didn't even know if I could direct. But there was only one way to find out. And I still can't quite believe it has happened.

"Directing is frightening. You can get carried away with an idea, but it can be utterly wrong, so it's a hell of a responsibility. But of course it's the most complete act of creation you can do because it's a compete entity. It's all your own baby. I think *The Match Girls* was so successful because it is in the same genre as *West Side Story*, if that doesn't sound too presumptuous. It's got guts and virility. It is so very real, and it all actually happened.

"The East End match girls actually *did* get this awful disease phossyjaw. They did go bald at the age of 12. And they did have the guts to strike and were the first women to do so. The show was a marvellous discipline for me. I couldn't just stick in dance routines for the sake of it, so there's not as much dancing as people expect, and every song furthers the action.

"It's such an integrated show. The company are so keen and young and marvellous. Vivienne Martin is perfect. And they've all worked so hard and seem to generate such excitement."

Gillian Lynne does inspire devotion in anyone who works for her. "We don't care what we are paid," say her young disciples, as they drop lucrative film offers and flock to her side. Her present assistant director, Virginia Mason, turned down a lush Broadway musical and flew over like a homing pigeon to work on *The Match Girls*. "I was on *Pickwick* with her and I'd rather work for Gilly than anyone else in the business," she said.

Gilly's theories on dancing are succinct. "I can't stand cutery. I can't stand bump-and-grind dancers on the telly. I believe in dynamics in everything. I believe in light and shade, softening then punching, attacking and taking away. In music this is a restless beat. Not a tum-tum-tum. I can't accept that from anyone. That's why Tony Russell's music is so marvellous."

Born Gillian Pyrke in Bromley, 37 years ago, her father was a furniture-store owner and interior decorator. "My mother quite genuinely thought I had St Vitus' dance and took me to a specialist." But he just said: "Let her dance."

And dance she did. At 14 she was seen by Dame Ninette and asked to join the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, now the Royal Ballet.

After six years she was frustrated. She danced leading roles in *Checkmate* and *Symphonic Variations*, alternating with Shearer and Grey, but was never offered a three-acter. "And I was very ambitious and dying to make my mark," she said. She was also having grave doubts about undiluted classical dancing: "It is so desperately blinkered."

Gillian took steps to avoid being "blinkered" in her own life. Her husband, a barrister to whom she was married for five years, encouraged her to leave the Garden as he saw so little of her, and heart strain after a too-exhausting tour of America made up her mind for her. "It was a frightful step to take. Unfortunately, from his point of view, I went straight to the Palladium where I did two shows a day for 15 weeks."

But though her marriage showed the strain, her career blossomed. Val Parnell suggested to Pauline Grant that she create some ballets especially for her, and Gillian stole a lot of notices. During the next few years she had many excellent opportunities in panto, variety and revue. But she was getting more and more interested in modern dancing.

In 1963 she scored a triumph at Edinburgh with her own home-grown compost-reared dance and mime company culled mostly from youngsters fresh from the Royal Ballet who wanted to work (for peanuts) with her. In eight weeks, while playing *Queen of the Cats* at the Palladium, she rehearsed her company of 12, often dashing to rehearsal studies in full feline fantasy make up.

In the spring she produced a revue at the Prince Charles Theatre called *Round Leicester Square* to earn enough money to travel to the States and study modern dancing under Matt Mattox and Alvin Ailey for a month, and work with Dudley Moore for four hours each day on the music for her show, as he was there in *Beyond the Fringe*. She even had to fly over for a weekend three weeks before the Edinburgh first night as Malcolm Arnold hadn't been able to finish a score and it was impossible to do it over the telephone. She was back at rehearsal with extra music by Dudley on the Monday afternoon.

She managed to collect hepatitis through over-strain and over-work, but pretended she hadn't got it, and opened in Edinburgh as planned. It was a rave, though she was very unwell through the whole season. The show was a great turning point in her career.

"I didn't intend it to be 'An evening with Gillian Lynne,' but in the end I was forced to choreograph the whole thing." She also met her very steady boy friend Nicholas Chagrin in this show. After its transfer to the Savoy, she was offered the choreography of Cliff Richard's *Wonderful Life*, the sort of honour usually bestowed on an American. She took most of her company into the film.

There are few women directors of flair, passion and talent. I believe Gillian may be going to be one of them.

"A few years ago I was afraid I was going to slip between six stools," she said. "I was studying modern dancing, but I used to arrive early for play rehearsals so that I had time to do half an hour's *barre* first. I just felt it would all be needed some time. I didn't think I could direct till I did *The Match Girls*. All I originally knew was that I could dance. And that's my only disappointment. I don't have time to do any dancing myself any more."

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Conversation Piece . . .
(about holidays or weekends)

Jane: The trouble with you is you don't take enough exercise.

Edward: The trouble with **you** is you need a holiday—in any case when do I have **time** to take any exercise?

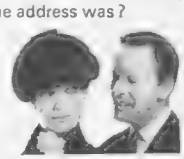
Jane: Well we **could** combine my holiday by the sea and golf for you—that is if you could get away from work.

Edward: Of course I could get away, but you know I've always been against separate holidays . . .

Jane: Don't be silly dear, we could go to the Cooden Beach Hotel. They have an arrangement with the Cooden Beach Golf Club which adjoins the Hotel and the green fees are inclusive with the terms, except for Saturday and Sunday when the Hotel pays a proportion. They have a lovely heated swimming pool and we can play tennis too.

Edward: Sounds perfectly splendid, after all we do get some lovely days in England. I'll write today for a brochure and terms, what did you say the address was?

Jane: Don't bother darling . . I've already written to Angus Shields the Managing Director.



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THE FESTIVAL GROWS UP

St Pancras conjures in the mind an image of railways and dirty buildings. It seems an inappropriate place to hold an arts festival and only those closely involved in the borough's activities, or in the arts, realise that St Pancras is the most culturally active borough in London. It has been holding an annual arts festival of an increasingly high standard for the last 12 years.

St Pancras is, of course, a misnomer; the borough as such has been extinct since April last year when it was merged with Hampstead and Holborn to become the new London borough of Camden. But, for the purposes of the festival, the organisers, the Library & Arts Department of Camden, have retained the familiar title and have taken advantage of the merger to increase the scope of the festival to include Hampstead and Holborn. As a result, not only of the merger but of the increasing reputation and importance of the festival, the Arts Council have this year made a direct grant to the festival instead of assistance to the individual groups taking part. The total cost of the festival, which will run from Saturday 26 February to Friday 25 March, is estimated at £16,000, a proportion of which is offset by box office receipts and the Arts Council grant. The remainder represents a small fraction of a penny on the rate, a small price for a festival of this status. The idea of having an arts festival in St Pancras was conceived as far back as 1945 when Labour won control of St Pancras Borough Council under Krishna Menon. Menon particularly wanted to encourage the arts and promote the cultural activities and amenities of the borough. He had ambitious ideas for an arts festival but was unable to realise them due to lack of financial support from the government. When the Local Government Act of 1948 was passed, Clause 132 gave him all the authority he needed: "*A local government authority may do or arrange for the doing of, or contribute towards, the expenses of the doing of . . . the provision of entertainment of any nature or of dancing*" and permitted a maximum 6d rate to finance the doing of!

Volunteer

Given the means, Menon looked for someone capable of organising the borough's cultural activities under his direction. He found a willing volunteer in Leonard Marcus, who is now the first Deputy Borough Librarian of Camden with special responsibility for the arts and the organisation of the annual arts festival. Together Krishna Menon and Marcus set the cultural wheels of St Pancras turning. In 1953 – Coronation year – the first St Pancras arts festival took place. Compared with the

The month-long St Pancras Festival, which opens on Saturday, 26 February, is now acknowledged as one of the most important celebrations of the arts in this country. It started, as these things tend to, from one man's vision, and has developed over the years into a subsidised wide-ranging and highly professional event. HUGH BLACKWELL examines the background

present festival it was very amateur indeed; but it was extremely successful and the Libraries Committee decided to repeat it the following year. From there it became a regular annual event and gradually shifted from makeshift local amateur theatrical productions and choral society concerts into today's national event.

Appropriately the festival's headquarters are in the re-recently completed New Central Library at Swiss Cottage designed by Sir Basil Spence. For the first time in its 12-year history the festival is under the patronage of royalty.

The Queen Mother will attend the opening concert given by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, of which she is patron, at the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage, on Monday 28 February. The Queen will open the new Store Street buildings of the National Central Library on 18 March.

Six operas never performed before in London are probably the main features of the programme, weighted as it always has been in favour of opera. There is Donizetti's ill-fated tragedy *Maria Stuarda* that was banned, even before its first public performance, by the Queen of Naples because she was shocked by the forthright language the Queen of Scots uses against Elizabeth I. Marie Landis sings Maria Stuarda and Cynthia Jolly sings Elizabeth. Dennis Maunder is the producer.

There will be three one-act operas by the young German composer Hans Werner Henze, the first of which is *The Magic Theatre*, a farce, based on a little play by Cervantes; the second, *A Country Doctor*, is based on an enigmatic story by Kafka of a country doctor called out in a winter blizzard to treat a young boy with a mysterious wound in his side.

Sinking Isle

The third, *The End of a World*, was originally written in 1954 for the radio and adapted for the stage 10 years later. It presents the considerable staging problem of an entire island and palace that sinks, with its residential quota of intellectuals and aristocrats, leaving an open sea and an unbroken horizon line in the middle of St Pancras Town Hall stage.

Then comes *Il Corsaro* by Verdi, which has not been staged for over 100 years. This is a study, based on a romantic poem by Byron, of the leader of a band of Aegean pirates who was corrupted during his youth and is condemned to a course of evil. The last opera, *L'Incontro Improviso* by Haydn, was written in 1775 and tells the story of a princess held captive against her will in the harem of the Sultan of Egypt being rescued by the guile of her beloved, a prince, with the help of his comic servant—a foretaste of Mozart's *Il Seraglio*. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra will give four concerts during the festival featuring the works of composers resident in the borough of Camden and giving them the opportunity to conduct their own compositions; Gerald Gover will conduct his own *Songs of Death and Immortality*, Francis Chagrin will conduct his *Symphony*, Richard Arnell his *Symphony No. 5.*

The theatrical event of the festival is the world premiere of Dylan Thomas's *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, adapted for the stage by Andrew Sinclair from Dylan Thomas's unfinished semi-autobiographical novel about his childhood in Wales and his first years in London. Not only has Sinclair adapted the novel for the stage but he has provided an ending as well. James Roose-Evans, the director, says: "It is a most ambitious production and makes tremendous theatre. We have tried to give a kaleidoscopic impression of the 30's; the songs and music, focused around the young Dylan. At intervals throughout the production we have incorporated short strips of film. The first is a Keystone Cop-style scene of Dylan in an orgy of china and crockery smashing shortly before he leaves home. A young and extremely talented actor, David Hemmings, who looks remarkably like the young Dylan, plays the lead." This production runs from 7 March till 2 April at Hampstead Theatre Club.

The most potentially interesting event of the festival, however, is the First National Conference of Artists, arranged for the last weekend. This long overdue event has been organised with the intention of bringing together artists and representatives from all branches of the art world, creative and commercial. For the first time, it is hoped, the exploiters and exploited will be able to meet and discuss their mutual frictions. Those scheduled to be present at the conference include representatives from the BBC, the Arts Council, the large public galleries and private galleries in London and the provinces, teachers, and critics. Malcolm Bury, the head of Hornsey Art College, will be conference chairman.

For Jenny Lee

As a result it is hoped that a conference report will be drawn up and sent to Miss Jenny Lee.

All three of the amalgamated boroughs are holding separate visual arts exhibitions and throughout the festival there are numerous smaller concerts and events.

The festival as a whole should spur the non-concert-goers and non-theatregoers in the district to change their habits, and take a positive interest in the London culture scene.

LOVING - LONDON STYLE: PART TWO

There has been a big change in our tribal habits of falling in love. But what about the rituals that precede mating? In this article CHARLOTTE BINGHAM traces the arduous journey between proposal and espousal.

ALMOST THERE...

It is commonly supposed that the successful result of a courtship ends in an Engagement. That no sooner have the blissful couple clasped each other and sworn eternal friendship, undying love and whatever else has sprung to mind, all that remains in store for them is to break the happy news to their parents, plight their troth with an expensive ring, and flutter round shops collecting twigs for their nest.

All too often, however, it appears that even should the ecstatic pair survive the storms of ritualistic congratulations which flood their way, the memory of their engagement remains singularly more full of plight than troth.

"It was the worst time of my life. I would rather go back to school again than relive our engagement."

"Everything takes you over, cooing relations, wedding lists, bridesmaids, bills, packing cases. Is it worth Aunt Aggie flying in from Honolulu. Is Alfred really going to give you the writing table he's always promised you. The whole business couldn't be more a-romantic."

"We did nothing but quarrel over money, sofas, what colour to have the bathroom, who to ask, who not to ask, it was awful."

"It's just one of those things you've got to live through, I don't know why exactly, but unless you've been through an engagement, you don't find out enough about each other, and to leave it until you're actually married is to make it much harder on each other."

"I had to take tranquillisers every five minutes. I thought I'd go mad."

It appears that while the actual process of courtship has changed considerably, no one has yet discovered a more "trendy" way of getting married. In the main, new-look weddings usually fail lamentably. A rhythm and blues singer belting out the Ave Maria cannot brighten the expression of the bride's father as he mournfully realises he will have to pawn his watch to pay for the privilege of giving his daughter away.

There are a few more trouser suits and "let's-all-go-back-to-Finch's-afterwards" types of weddings than there used to be, more people who simply slip round the corner to a registrar with a couple of friends and get the whole business over with as quickly as possible, but on the whole young couples are still persuaded that an elegant announcement in the paper, followed by a discreet three months waiting and a triumphant church ceremony, complete with tribal booze-up, is what is required of them if they wish to be formally united.

It seems impossible to discover why, but people (particularly girls) usually regret it if they don't have a "proper" engagement and wedding, and while it is obvious that to look back on a romantic occasion of flowers and organ music is something that a girl will always cherish, the reason for the necessity of a formal engagement appears elusive.

Even for financial reasons, a long engagement seems to smack horribly of *"if we wait another two months we could save up for a storage heater."* And what has previously been the joyful union of love, suddenly becomes a calculated process of acquirement. *"If we ask Mildred she's sure to give*

us some Spode." "I'm not having Reginald. When your sister got married, all he could come up with was a brass warming pan and half a dozen napkins."

To consent to a formal marriage is to resign yourself to Cousin Jennifer steaming down from Northumberland with six coffee spoons clutched tightly under her arm; but to consent to a formal engagement appears to mean resigning yourself to months of being told that Cousin Jennifer is coming with her coffee spoons.

Dawn of doubt

"We had no doubts about anything until we got engaged, and then it only takes half a dozen people saying 'you wait, it's not all roses you know' and you start wondering if marriage is some sort of ghastly obstacle race which you have, at some wild masochistic moment, entered yourself for."

"It's remarks that other men make that haunt you. You're standing in the pub feeling cheerful and then some fool says, 'got the date fixed yet Fred?' and before you know where you are they're all swanning up nudging you and shouting 'enjoy yourself while you can old boy,' or 'don't let it get you down, we all come to it sooner or later,' so at the end of an evening you go home convinced you've been blackmailed into it all."

"Love is fine, it's only when other people know about it that the ass's head appears. There's an underlying philosophy in society that if a man wants to marry, he must be suffering from some form of temporary madness."

"When a man's engaged he always takes it out on his bird, because however much he loves her, he always thinks he's going to miss something."

"I worried all the time about giving up my independence. I think girls worry just as much as men. And you have to learn not to do things which have become a habit, like sort of half-flirting at parties and things, and when you're engaged there seems less reason for it than when you're married."

"Engagements are like taking three hours to decide whether to jump off the top diving board. Once you decide to get married you should be able to jump in straight away."

"I suppose it's more sensible to be engaged if you haven't known each other very long, but if you've been going out for ages, there doesn't seem much point really."

"Engagements? I dropped my ring down the plug-hole, and he threw a steak knife at me."

"You think if one more person comes up and asks you what your fiancé does, you'll scream."

"If marriages were like engagements, no one would survive their first anniversary."

"When I got engaged to John, everyone kept on coming up and saying, 'but he's not like an actor at all,' as if they expected him to have two heads or something. Even my bank manager gave me a lecture on the insecurities of the theatrical profession. Once you're engaged it's almost as if everyone feels they have a DUTY to tell you what they think."

It seems not only the duty of bank managers, parents, and guardians to pronounce their verdict upon what (it appears at the time) they think of the victim of your choice, but also the sworn duty of those notable hindrances to marriage – "best friends."

To give best friends their due, friendship is never easy when one or the other is about to get married. Just as people with unhappy marriages are liable to hurl themselves upon you shouting *"I can't bear Fred another minute"* (and you are lured into saying, *"Well, now you come to mention it, Fred is one of the most awful bores known to man"*; only to find five minutes later that they are re-united in eternal bliss, and will never speak to you again), so people are who are formally engaged likely to wake you up in the middle of the night shouting *"if she mentions olive green once more I'll kill myself."*

The wisest course (only learnt by bitter experience) is not to say *"Well her colour sense has always been ghastly, I could have told you that,"* but to pat the distraught friend on the head, give him a cup of cocoa and tell him that *"things always work themselves out. Even a passion for olive green."*

At times of engagements, best friends usually sort themselves out into two distinct categories. Those who have never met your betrothed, and approach the whole thing from a reserved and sometimes even rather hurt point of view (*"how could you do this without consulting me?"*), and those who have had the advantage of knowing your "intended" long before you, and sometimes even having actually gone out with them for a few months, and rejected them for something they thought better.

Each category never really manages to survive an engagement without causing offence to someone. Friends who have never met the loved one before usually make remarks like, *"I thought you said you could never marry a blonde,"* or *"I think he's SO nice, and I'm SURE he'll learn to settle down once he's married."*

Friends who have known your fiancé before you, and feel they cornered the market long before you were thought of, usually indulge in heavy-handed flirtation and rib-digging. (*"Remember that time on the number 11 bus when my sock blew out of the window?"* . . . Roguish wink . . . *"My goodness, I bet she hasn't let on about that, eh?"*) It is difficult, under such pressure, to remain dignified, particularly as you probably remember him rolling home afterwards saying *"nice girl, but dreadful legs."*

Survival course

Perhaps the proof that engagements are such arduous affairs is a valid argument for their remaining the standard forerunner to marriage. If you can survive an engagement, you have positively proved to all concerned that you can survive marriage.

Be that as it may, although friends make you wonder how on earth you have managed to become embroiled in such a ludicrous procedure as getting married and although nerve-racked and torn with doubts you wonder whether you should leap off the moving staircase that is drawing you towards The Great Day, and although you can now feel Cousin Jennifer with her coffee spoons breathing down your neck, there is still another hideous problem to be solved: Money.

No one who has been engaged could ignore the fact that although Love may be the start of everything, LSD (as he's known in the trade) features as the root of all traps that lie in wait for the betrothed. An announcement in the paper brings a flood of cosy pamphlets (little did you know when you held hands in the Classic, but Your Romance Is Their Concern). "They" are genuinely worried where you buy your flowers, your dress, your ring, your cake, your veil.

Now you are embarking on a joint future together there is general consternation among all the insurance companies known to man. *"I just thought I'd give you a call, old boy, extend my congratulations and so on. Everyone here at* NSPLDM is absolutely *delighted at your choice, lovely girl . . . now you're going to be a married man (like Dad, eh?) you've got a lot to think about and our particular policy. . . ."*

According to every commercial concern that can possibly align itself with engagements or marriage, all those about to take the "crucial step" are suffering from a well-known disease called sucker-dom.

The deathly taint of LSD does not confine itself either to cosy company pamphlets.

"By the time everyone's finished arguing about who should pay for the awning, you just want to lie down and die."

"I get fed up with going to weddings that are crammed with father's business friends stuffing themselves with hot sausages and talking about shares. Sometimes you'd think weddings were an investment."

Wedding lists are obviously a practical way of helping to remind your friends that you need a Hoover more than a shooting stick, but there is something more spontaneous about the story of a girl who when asked by a rich, deaf, great-aunt what she wanted for a present, replied *"anything from a wine cooler to a washing-up bowl,"* and got a washing-up bowl.

Fraught with emotional stresses, dogged by financial arguments, engagements it would seem have nothing to offer except an endurance test. Nevertheless, whether from admirable motives of self-sacrifice, or from respect for their family, the notices continue to appear. *"The engagement is announced between . . ."* and hardly has the ink dried than Cousin Jennifer has carefully begun to wrap up her coffee spoons.

NEXT WEEK: Working it out

MICK JAGGER:

Even that merry blade Gerald Scarfe must have had his work cut out to improve, in terms of Art, on what Nature has done, unaided, to Mick Jagger. Scarfe's widely quoted dictum on distortion – "I like to see how far I can stretch a face and still leave it recognisable" – can scarcely be applied with full conviction to a physiognomy which leaps at you like some uncombed foam-filled tiger from the primal tank. As it is, Scarfe's cartoon of Jagger is the most subdued he has so far done.

There's brimstone in that boy with the plastic lips. Those canine eyes have stared into the heart of hell without blinking. In a cool world, he's an iced Vodkatini. In a London that's fast becoming the metropolis of the hip world – in a sunless Los Angeles, or an even foggier San Francisco – this princeling of pop has become a potent cult-figure and venerated arbiter of the new social gracelessness. Anyone who's in with Jagger is really IN.

Projection

Jagger is the epitome of the *successful* non-conforming prole. Note the italic, it's a key to the whole cult. England is as class-conscious as ever it was, and nobody wants to know a yobbo with nothing to contribute. But take that yobbo off the streets and give him a mouth-organ or paint-brush and masses of telly and glossy mag and newspaper "projection," and smart society clutches at his sweat shirt. Right now Jagger is as hot as a pistol on the tired old society merry-go-round, and the fact that he quite honestly doesn't give a damn makes him all the more desirable.

Society hostesses who, a decade ago, wanted to butter up Wolf Mankowitz, John Osborne and Alun Owen, would now give their back teeth to have Jagger as a pet lion. And the fact that a mixed bag of Guardees and junior stockbrokers at Dolly's the other night were threatening to debag this distinguished Stone is a sign of social envy that could previously have happened only to a Beatle.

It has not been an easy ride for the Stones, by any means. As recently as spring 1962, Keith Richard was despondently saying: "Look, let's get this whole bit straight. No matter what we do we'll never be up there in the Hit Parade. That's impossible with our sort of music. We're kind of a minority. There aren't many fans who'll ever understand all this way-out blues stuff. It's Elvis, or Cliff – that's what the teenagers want. But if we have a real go at it, really work at our material, well . . . we could get a bit of work and we could build up a little following by persuading people to like the same things we like."

Opposition came from all sides, including jibes from those who should have had a better inkling of what the Stones were driving at in their kind of music. Rhythm and blues purists derided their attempts to transplant the American originals to British soil. Roy Orbison, who toured with them, told me loftily that their music had made no im-

In a cool world he's an iced Vodkatini . . . a venerated arbiter of the new social gracelessness and also a great iconoclast says CHARLES HAMBLETT

THE MAN & THE CULT

pact on him at all since he had heard it all before, and better, from Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Jimmy Read.

So: 1962, total obscurity; 1966, international acclaim. What happened? Well, the Beatles happened, and this heavily documented showbiz phenomenon created a special vacuum among the TV time-slots and radio disc spots and their attendant publicity media. Pop promoters and producers who had rubbed along with solo vocalists like Adam Faith, Cliff Richard and Billy Fury, were also crying out for "groups" capable of playing in the genre of the Liverpool quartet. Most of the neo-Beatles were dogs, absolute dogs, and imitators were soon weeded out and rejected by the fans. Groups needed a central personality to succeed, characters like Georgie Fame of the Blue Flames, Eric Burdon of the Animals and, of course, Mick Jagger of the Stones.

Hostility

Mick's jerky style and the fact that his group had taken the trouble to evolve a sound that was *musically valid* in spite of its original dependency on R and B, made it possible for a shrewd management to get the group off the launching pad at a most propitious time.

Indifferent to jibes, concentrating solely on their music, the Stones waltzed through the early waves of hostility. Impotent colonels, frustrated schoolmasters, retired sergeant-majors and maiden ladies of both sexes denounced these scruffy monsters in the hope of blotting them out for good. Bowler-hatted businessmen forgot the luncheon sandwiches in their briefcases when the Stones sloped into a saloon bar for a pint. Some provincial hotel managers and head waiters refused to admit them into their ghastly premises. The fact that the Stones were making a lot of money was a further cause for indignation. But as Mick Jagger deadpanned: "The more their parents hated us, the more the kids rooted for us."

Now a curious thing happened. The public at large began to single out Mick Jagger in connection with the Stones. His was the name they remembered. The collective unconscious had got to work on this shaggy primitive and turned him into a prototype figure.

I once shared a silly little late-night radio programme at Broadcasting House with Jagger, having gone there at the request of a publisher to publicise a book which I had given the title *Generation X*. Jagger and I found a common interest in the whisky bottle which the producer had left out for us, and I was agreeably impressed by the singer's Dionysian sense of humour. We drank mainly to scare the producer, but in the end I handed him a copy of the book in which I had scrawled with a whisky flourish, "For Mick Jagger, who *IS* Generation X." Sober, I stand by that.

Why Mick Jagger? Why not Georgie Fame? Or Eric Burdon? Or anyone of the Beatles? I believe it is because there is a touch of the businessman in all the others. A lot of Brian Epstein's commercialism has rubbed off on the Beatles, for instance, but Jagger has a truly aristocratic disregard for the trappings of success and the suspect power-values of money. You get the feeling that if he lost everything he would not alter one bit. He'd calmly take off for the nearest beat club and start all over again. Jagger is the least phoney of the newly rich hipsters – he really is the great iconoclast who doesn't give a damn and this is what the society hostesses sense about him, and find so attractive, for they, more than anyone else, are surfeited with phonies.

The difference

The Beatles are beat. The Stones are hip. A world of difference separates the two. The difference between, say, Kerouac, who is cheerily Socratic, and William Burroughs, whose dreadful literary power is brutally real. The difference, too, between Sartre and Genet, Cocteau and Cellini, Dali and Francis Bacon, shades of difference that separate the men from the boys, the literary shock-therapists from the darling of the Book of the Month Club. And in that curious way in which the last war's enemy becomes the next war's ally, people who a few month's ago were asking, "Would you let your daughter marry a Rolling Stone?" would now gladly forfeit a weekend of golf to have Mick Jagger at Penelope's coming-out dance – even at the risk of inducing her nineteenth nervous breakdown.

We live in the New Stone Age. Ugliness is the norm: witness the perversions of high fashion, the degradation of the spoken word, the architectural brainstorms springing up all over our cities. Look at the way they're dressing poor Cilla Black!

It's the heyday of the Kinky and the Camp. His and Hers gifts are interchangeable, royalty patronises Danny La Rue, and in this post-Profumo London, where everyone now is trying to look like a Scarfe cartoon, Mick Jagger is the honoured kingpin of a gaudy social tapestry on which in golden letters are embossed the emotive names of Mary Quant, Caroline Charles, David Frost, Maureen Cleave, Marianne Faithfull, Jane Asher, the Shrimpton girls and all those other fashionable (O, ghastly jargon!) pacemakers, trend-setters, in-people, with-it types, mod chicks and hip characters perpetually (according to the souped-up publicity) on the Go, Go, Go.

It's a slippery tightrope they're walking. Not all of them can make the grand projection, as Jagger's friend, David Bailey, discovered when he so miserably failed to put across his persona on a family TV show. Perhaps this Britain is still, basically, a fish-and-chips and Soccer and beer culture. But weird things are happening in this London of ours, and it's all one big ball just as long as Mick Jagger stays on the merry-go-round.

I think we're in for a long, long ride. Still – it's one way of passing the time before we start heading for the fall-out shelters.

INSTANT FASHION

as London Life sees it

Next Monday the world will see long-awaited photographs of the Paris Collections; until then the designers have placed an embargo on publication. But London Life gets in first with these sketches of what you will be buying soon . . . they are clothes, already reaching the shops, which show a strong Paris influence. St Laurent seems generally

Fashion report and illustrations by Shuna Harwood

to have a good following among the manufacturers, with seasonings of Dior, Patou, Ungaro and a dash of Cardin. Wallis has bought patterns from Nina Ricci and Fortnum has St Laurent Boutique originals. But since all these Paris-influenced clothes have only just been finished it is too early to quote final prices and all stockists.

1 Grey wool Nina Ricci adaptation, also from Wallis shops, soon.
2 A Nina Ricci adaptation from Wallis Shops soon, in navy blue wool.
3 Coat and dress by Harvey Gould. Various colour combinations. Approx. 28 guineas from Maxine Leighton.
4 An Yves St Laurent boutique original at Fortnum and Mason (exclusive). White silk, black embroidered spots and scarlet belt with bow. 49 guineas.
5 Rembrandt dress designed by Louis Feraud. Pure silk – in various colour combinations. 22 guineas.
6 Feminine dress in navy rayon with the look of silk for Nettie Vogues. Will cost about £8. No stockists till March.
7 Dress in cotton voile by Hildebrand – yellow, turquoise, pink and orange flower print, approx. 8½ guineas.

THE WORLD OF THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by MARK PEPLOE

More than 70 detective agencies are listed in the classified London telephone directory. Half of them do not exist.

Sometimes the listed number is no longer in use, and will just bleat in your ear. More often the operator breaks in and refers you to another number. Often a series of eight numbers, many with different exchange codes, are there only for the sake of attracting attention. Working on the theory that someone who needs a detective (or "inquiry agent" as they call themselves), is unlikely to have ever heard of any of them, agencies, especially those who rely for any substantial portion of their business on private clients (instead of on solicitors' commissions), devote a good deal of attention to their standing in the directory. For instance there seems to have been quite a lot of jockeying about who was going to be first on the list. The A1 detective agency was squeezed from this position by the A.A. The A1 then retaliated by calling itself the AAA. Then the AA got back to the top with the eye-stopping title AAAAAA. Both of them do in fact exist and there is little reason to suppose that this is the end of the story.

Behind the evocative titles of some other agencies there is often not much of an organisation. The majority of them usually consist of no more than one or two men, a telephone, and a car. There is no guarantee that the agent you contact is trained, qualified, or even honest. At least one agency is run by a man with a criminal record. The only important qualification seems to be to get into the directory.

A fair proportion of detectives are ex-policemen who have retired from the force but still want an occupation. Most of these belong to the Association of British Detectives. This has 300 members in England, and 200 affiliated members abroad. Mr Walsh, who runs one of the largest agencies in England, has been president of the Association four times. "We have a code of ethics," he says, "in which we pledge ourselves to a high standard of personal and professional conduct. It means we can produce a creditable witness almost anywhere in the world—and not be bothered with any character trouble." Mr Spencer, the present secretary, a gentle and amusing figure dressed in a cardigan and tweeds who has an office above Mr Walsh, says "there is nothing but the Association to prevent a man coming out of Wormwood Scrubs and calling himself a detective, the very next day. Perhaps he is an ex-crook. In either case he wouldn't get past the Association's selection board. We vet everybody. If a man applies we send his name out to every one of our members all over the world, and ask them if they know anything at all against him. Sixty per cent. of our applicants are turned down. We've risen above the awful key-hole sobriquet. Very much above it."

The Association charges a subscription rate of 3 guineas a year, issues a copper-plate certificate on parchment-like paper (for detectives to hang on their walls) and takes disciplinary action against erring members by expelling them. There are several agents, however, who look upon the present association with scepticism. Mr Merken of the Ace Detective Agency says: "It's a collection of retired policemen, a few of them, like Walsh, very competent and very upright, but the rest, too old for the job. There was one agency who used even to make a point of advertising that they did *not* belong to the Association." Another detective, Mr Ford (who is a member of the rival CII) says: "Anyone who isn't in the ABD is supposed to be scum. But some of them are such hypocrites. Most of our work comes from Association members. Otherwise the only time you ever hear of them is when they discipline a member."

Mr Barrie Quartermain claims "that anyone who says they won't do something for reasons of ethics, is usually talking nonsense. You are hired to get results, and ethics are not the point."

In spite of this criticism, every detective seems agreed that some kind of registration or system of qualification is badly needed. They all agree that the "fly-by-nights" give the profession a bad name. Mr Quartermain is vehemently articulate on this point, and has made strenuous attempts to interest the Home Office. So has Mr Walsh. Both of them failed.

In America, where the literature of detection is rather more advanced, you can buy magazines called *Police Files*, or *True Detective*, or *Inquest*. In the midst of stories with titles like *Viola's Butchered Sweetheart*, or *Hell Bent for the Electric Chair*, you are invited to join postal tuition courses in detection, or accident investigation. "Send now for free information about easy home study plan, lapel pin, certificate, and rewarding future," or "Imagine the thrill of being on the team that apprehends a vicious criminal . . . possibly a remorseless killer . . . by modern, scientific methods. Just as I've helped hundreds of other ambitious men to get into CRIME INVESTIGATION. . . . . I can help you too." The picture over this particular advertisement (issued by the Institute of

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Detective Peter Merken, framed in the shattered windscreen of his Jaguar. Just one of the scars of a dangerous profession in which an adversary can easily become an enemy bent on revenge.

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Applied Science), shows a décolleté blonde comfortably smoking a cigarette, while a poised detective in a well-cut suit points his finger at her face. In the background, a policeman stands at attention and a body lies dead on the floor.

Mr Walsh has had several applicants for jobs who produced postal tuition certificates as a qualification. "There were one or two comedians in this country who took money off people with this kind of operation. The tragedy of it was that you got quite a few coloured people going in for it. Quite decent chaps really. But they weren't detectives."

Who are the detectives? The first one I telephoned was *W J King's Detective Bureau.* They have the biggest advertisement in the directory (a full page) and are one of the largest agencies in the country. The conversation was brief. "We call ourselves independent and confidential investigators," the man on the line said, "and we don't want to be anything else. Not for us any photographs at the wheel."

The next was *Cordex.* The man there referred me to someone else and gave me a City number to ring. The number produced a high-pitched buzz, and the operator assured me it was non-existent. When I rang back to Cordex and pointed this out, the voice on the line said "I don't know about that. I get all my work from the man I mentioned. He rings me up. He has a six-room suite. He must have a telephone. That's all I know."

When I asked the *Have Passport Will Travel Agency* whether I could come and see them, the woman there said "I don't know. I really can't say." She paused, and then added: "Oh, I'm sorry, I'm very sorry, but not the Have Passport. No, I don't think so, I don't think we want publicity. Anyway you see, they're always out. You might catch them in, but I can't say." A day later they were in. They said they specialised in divorce, and charged according to the client's pocket. (Nearly all the agencies are liable to do this, though not all of them are honest enough to admit it.) The man said he worked in the West Ham area. "That's not like Mayfair. It doesn't sprout rich people. As far as I'm concerned it goes on their social status really. Some might only be able to afford £3 or £4."

The agency which gathers the greatest amount of publicity is called the *Ace Detective Agency.* It is run by Mr Peter Merken from an office in Little Newport Street. Apart from the black leather, two-winged swivel armchair, and four glossy telephones on his desk (green, red, black and white) the office is definitely seedy: the stairs shake, the lavatory floods, and the floor of the front room (unused) is pitted with erupting tufts of lino. Mr Merken explains this by saying that most of his clients are "big men. I go to their offices. They're mostly too busy to come here. So why have a large office? Everybody who is somebody knows me. I know them. Even the nobility. We're friendly."

Mr Merken, a German national, formerly in naval intelligence under Admiral Canaris, was a prisoner of war for three years here and in America. He settled permanently in England in 1949. Later he began to work for Charlie Crystal's agency (where he met his wife) and a year later he set up his own agency. He is now very prosperous. He owns a silver-grey Mark 10 Jaguar with specially upholstered black leather bucket seats, and a matching leather-covered steering wheel with a kind of Ivanhoe stitch. The vehicle, which is regularly attacked by people who dislike Mr Merken, is equipped with a GPO radio telephone (price £385, plus £7 per quarter, and 1s 3d a call). Other detectives use ordinary radio.

Mr Merken is very fond of his telephone. He rang me up with it while I was interviewing Mr Walsh. Mr Merken's

Dog and handler, employed by detective John Walsh

telephone broke down. Mr Merken tried a second time — successfully. Within 10 minutes he had arrived at Walsh's office, introduced himself, and driven me off in silver silence to his villa in Wimbledon.

During the 20-minute drive he twice used the phone. On one occasion he rang his office to ask if there was any mail (there wasn't), on the other to give his wife an estimate of the traffic conditions, and of the probable time of our arrival. There was a good deal of "numbers," "overs," and "Rogers" in the conversation, but it seemed to work efficiently enough. His estimate of the traffic conditions at the Wimbledon Round Point was very accurate. We arrived on time.

Mr Merken said: "I've tried to build an image. A special image. I want people to know who I am, and to know me as 'the' private detective." His efforts in this field have resulted in a very large box, filled to the brim with Press cuttings. They came from newspapers as far away as Calcutta, Tokyo and Tel Aviv.

Merken claims to run one of the few agencies with a genuine international network. "The others just look up a name in the Mexico City telephone directory, ring it up, and ask the man on the line to do the job. But I actually went there. With my associate company (Transatlantic Private Investigators), I have branches in 17 countries." There is a further associate company in Germany— which Merken makes frequent trips—which apparently operates three Mercedes and a Cessna aircraft with which it flies agents from Essen to a depot at Locarno Monte in Switzerland.

The "villa" in Wimbledon, complete with radiograms, stained glass, olegraphs, three beautiful children, and wall-to-wall carpeting, is in a cul-de-sac. "It's beautiful here. At night I can hear a needle drop." There is room-to-door intercom in every room—"so that my wife can be quite sure who's ringing the bell. We get threats on the telephone quite often. Sometimes no one speaks, and you can only hear the breathing. Last week I answered the phone and a man said, 'Merken you bastard, I'm going to square you.' 'And the best of British luck to you,' I answered. I don't worry about it so much now. But I used to. I had the house fortified with electronic instruments back and front. In the office I've got metal sheeting on the office door, and three Chapman locks. But it's the home that matters. My wife thinks I'm crazy."

Mrs Merken is one of the few women in England who really was a detective (not just a store detective). Professionally known by her maiden name as Yvonne Clark ("you've never had publicity under the other name, have you darling?"), she began work when she was 15. "I went to the Crystal Detective Agency to ask them if they could trace my father who had disappeared. But I couldn't pay them, so they took me on as a secretary and then as an agent." The Crystal Agency did not find her father, but after six weeks she did. She traced him to New Zealand.

Mrs Merken, who is blonde, pretty, and quiet, spent six years in the business. "Mainly," she says, "I was getting information out of men. It's very easy to do that. Many of them were matrimonial cases—you know, they were that sort of man. Most of them were in the fifties. I used to learn what their habits were and then pick them up in clubs or at bus stops. One I remember in particular ran a pub. His wife thought he was having an affair with some girl because he came home late two days every week. I picked him up, and he took me to a brothel. He owned it. I left, telephoned his wife, and she was really furious. When he got home, he beat her up."

On another occasion she was asked to investigate a case in a nudist camp. She went there with someone else, but they both got cold feet when they reached the changing room, and gave up the case.

Mr Merken, who looks like a healthy Stanley Baker, drinks Dortmunder Union lager which he imports in crates from Germany. He is very generous with it. He entertains a lot, and often goes out to bars and clubs.

The normal run of a detective's work has little to do with crime — particularly large-scale crime. But, like an ordinary PC, he is in a good position to observe it. Everyone I talked to thought crime was definitely getting worse. Merken, for instance, had just been offered £500 to "bug" the boardroom of a large industrial company. "I always find," he says, "that we are several years behind the States. About seven usually. Industrial espionage has been a big thing over there for ages. It's just beginning to start up here. It's what you call a 'growth point.' I do quite a lot of industrial espionage, though I would never bug a board room. Not for all the tea in China."

Attitudes to the police differ widely among detectives. It is important for them to keep in with the local force, and most of them manage to do this fairly easily. Even if they do not usually obtain custom from the police (occasionally some do) they both give and receive information.

All the detectives I spoke to agreed that the police were understaffed and overworked. Many of them also think that the police can behave unethically, inefficiently, and even dishonestly.

In general private detectives perform work which the police have either too little time or too few facilities to fulfil (such as general security), or which the police are not allowed to do. In normal circumstances it is difficult for the police to make investigations unless they have prior evidence that a crime has been committed. A detective, whose legal position differs in no way from that of the ordinary citizen, is often in a better position to find this evidence. He is also in a better position to investigate cases where the client may want to avoid publicity (such as internal pilfering in a firm), or avoid being compromised (in cases of blackmail).

The detective agencies which advertise claim they cover the following types of case: Internal thefts and losses, frauds, pilfering, extortion, counter industrial espionage, store detection, test purchases, divorce evidence, protection, security patrols, individuals put under surveillance, and investigations into anonymous letters, character background, and insurance and patent infringements.

Out of this list, it is the supply of divorce evidence which is the most important. It is likely to provide about half the work that most agencies deal with. In the present state of the law adultery is at a premium. It provides the one quick and fairly certain method of getting a divorce and hiring a detective is the best way of getting evidence. The agents will carry out a thorough observation and either obtain photographic or eye-witness evidence, or a voluntary confession statement.

"What you need in this business is *tact*," says Merken. "Imagine knocking someone up in the middle of the night. What else is more important than tact?"

Mr Ford says divorce observation is becoming more difficult as traffic increases. "It's easier for them to get away." He estimates that on an average divorce case he does about eight hours of observation (his record at one stretch being 32). He also believes that sooner or later the law is bound to change and he is trying to get into the field of accident investigations instead.

Until the law changes, either collusion or *tactful* methods of obtaining evidence will remain the rule.

Collusion is fairly common. Several detective agencies can, if necessary, arrange to provide a professional co-respondent or "woman named." So can many of the most respectable solicitors.

"Dawn," a hairdreser and former art student, lives in South London. She has been a professional "woman named" for two years, working on arrangement with a detective agency.

She is 30 years old, blonde, pretty and "well-spoken." Her room, which she describes as "kooky," is cluttered with books *(Be Young With Yoga, How To Turn Failure Into Success)*, and her own wood carvings. When I saw her she was wearing a plain-coloured flannel dress with red and gold boot-stockings made of lurex.

She began to be a "woman named" shortly after she herself had obtained a divorce. She receives from £30-£50 on each occasion, the money being paid indirectly through the detective who will also take a commission. She says it was her own experience which first persuaded her to be a collusive "woman named." "The law is as blind as a bat. No one cares whether you really did commit adultery so long as you say

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you did and you can get a witness to back you up. Of course, the judge often knows the case is collusive, but he doesn't check up. He can't really can he? Doing things the legal way can take so long, and it can cause so much heartache can't it? I'm there to supply a demand where it's needed.

"In my own case I pleaded mental cruelty. But that's complex and difficult to prove. It can easily go wrong. It took me two years. Adultery is easy.

"What happens in my work is that the inquiry agent rings me up and makes an appointment. It's usually for a Thursday. The man picks me up at home, or we meet somewhere in town. Sometimes we go to a movie, more often it's dinner and dancing, or if we're in the country at one of those Mr and Mrs Smith hotels—you know the sort—then we just have drinks at the bar. The important thing is to make a point of ordering a double bed. Twin beds wouldn't be any good. But this doesn't mean that I sleep with the man. You mustn't suppose that happens. Sometimes a man will make a pass—it's only to be expected. But I tell them that this thing must be devoid of any feeling —otherwise all the point is lost. If they ever got nasty I could threaten them with the collusion business. That would ruin their chances of getting the divorce.

Actually nearly all have been real gentlemen. It can be awkward at first, but once we get to talk properly then it's all right. They tell me everything. I think they look on me as some kind of social worker.

"The fact that you do have to share a bed at one point or another seems very natural when the time comes. It's only awkward if there isn't a separate room to change in. If that happens I ask the man to wait outside in the corridor . . . and I suppose we have to be a little careful about that.

"Once we are in bed we go to sleep. A double bed isn't really a provocation at all. It's surprising how easy it is to put up a barrier if you want to, isn't it? Then, of course, we leave the door unlocked so

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Detectives —and the tools of their trade. Left: Barrie Quarter-main. Right: Peter Merken.

THE WORLD OF THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE

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that the maid can come in in the morning. We don't have to be seen cuddling or anything: we just sit up and have tea when the maid brings it. We nearly always ask for tea. It's somehow more appropriate. More innocent I suppose.

"Sometimes one of the agents turns up and gets us to sign a statement straight away. After that we pack up our luggage and the man drops me home."

Apart from the field of divorce work which they all seem to share, most agencies try to specialise in a few particular areas, though they may accept any kind of job.

Agencies—like Merken's—who rely upon private clients, advertising and passing trade for most of their business, will for the most part, handle blackmail, tracings, observations and whatever else turns up. They have little guarantee of steady work. Merken claims that 40 per cent. of his clients come to him through recommendations. ("VIPs, members of the nobility, you'd be surprised who does come.")

Other agents, like Ford, concentrate on forming steady links with solicitors. "I used to scoff at people who did things like serving writs. What, at 2 guineas a time? You're mad. But I was wrong. Quite wrong. That's where the regular money is."

Ford began debt collecting when he was 17. One day a detective agency rang him up and he began doing freelance work for them. For some time he worked for Merken (who described him as the best agent he ever had, the only "natural" he knew). Ford later left Merken and set up on his own in North Harrow. "I had a hard time getting accepted among the hard core—the 60-year-olds. But I'm accepted now. I'm in. Apart from divorce and the odd trace, I do mostly writs and accidents."

Ford, who lives in a comfortable semi-detached and runs a Ford Cortina, enjoys his work very much and likes most of the people in it. He can also criticise the profession. "The private detective business can be so childish," he says. "Agents are always asking about what kind of car the other one's got. As if it mattered." (This particular weakness was certainly endorsed by my own experiences: almost every agent I saw, asked me about the make of car the other ones had. Mr Pratt, who now uses a Mini Cooper, even admitted that it was one of the reasons he had had to give up using a motorcycle—which he still believed was the most suitable form of transport for a detective to have in a town.)

Another agent declared that the business was a rat race. "Like everything else nowadays. Just you go into the coffee room in the law courts and have a look. Inquiry agents judge each other according to how many times they're seen in the courts."

"People in this country," says Mr Ford, "are just not private-investigator minded. I have never in my life peeped through a key-hole. Anyway what would you see? The furniture in the hall, that's what.

"The most important thing in the job," he thinks, "is to have a wife who is behind you. A lot of detective marriages break up. There's no doubt you do get a lot of opportunity. But it's quite easy to control it. The trouble is many nights you do have to come back very late; perhaps four or five in the morning. And sometimes you have to stay away for two or three days. If you had a wife who started up when you came home in the evening, it could drive you mental.

"My wife is the biggest asset this agency has got. And she's got a good telephone manner. She can project tremendous sympathy. That's important. Many people are pretty desperate by the time they get round to ringing you up. Often it's a comfort for them just to talk to someone who can understand."

The Leach Detective Agency is on the South Circular road in Croydon. It is one of the oldest in the country, dating back to 1929. The agency was started by Leach's father, who used to be in the police, and was one of the original members of the Flying Squad. Leach's grandfather was in the Yard as long ago as 1873. The present Mr Leach says he did his first job when he was eight. His father asked him to play with a rubber ball outside the house of someone who was under observation. If he saw the man come out, he was to throw the ball down the alley and his father (still in the police), who was waiting round the corner, would run out and catch him. The operation worked successfully and Mr Leach has "been in detection ever since."

In 1933, for the first time in legal history, a man was convicted for larceny after identification in a cine film. It was taken by Leach.

Mr Leach met me at the door of the small red-brick Victorian house, from which he now runs the agency. He was holding a "bug" in his hand. He had found it in someone's office the previous day.

He says, "It's a lot of bull that you can't buy the things (bugs). It's only too easy. You can also hire them. That's all you need. There's no point in owning one really."

One of the few detectives I talked to with a GPO licence to use one, mobile or static, anywhere in the UK, was Mr Merken. He has an American model called a Lustraphone. He says of it that 'if and when I use it, I defy anyone to tell me that I'm wrong. I use my own judgment."

Some may not be reassured by this remark. None the less, it is unlikely that anyone will ever effectively control the use of bugs, or any other kind of modern listening device. Wiring rooms with hidden microphones has been standard practice among detectives for years. Leach has photographs on his walls of the agency's more successful hiding places: flower pots, lampshades, telephones. The recordings may not be admissible in evidence in court, but they are a potent force in industrial espionage and a great help to detectives for the location of evidence which will be admissible.

Mr Walsh believes that we are still much more civilised about these things than many other countries. He says that visiting American executives takes it as a matter of course that their room needs to be checked for wiring or bugging, the same way as it needs to be cleaned or ventilated. "In Germany too," he says, "there's much more spying. They're at it all the time from both sides. In fact they're at it so intensely that as far as private detectives are concerned, nearly all our business has to take place in public telephone boxes. All the big hotels are riddled with them."

The staple work of the Leach agency is lorry-load checking. He has about 20 firms on his books and specialises in intercepting their lorries at varying points and times so as to minimise the risk of loss, theft, or pilfering. His walls are plastered, floor to ceiling, with charts, coloured pins, and the christian names of drivers. He no longer deals with divorce.

A case he recently had to deal with came to him through the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection. They wanted him to help put a stop to the trade in pet stealing.

"The laboratories," he explained, "need a constant supply of animals. They prefer pets because they're tame and they aren't diseased. Cats are the easiest to use. They detach the brains and keep the animals alive for weeks. I don't mind the odd body, but when you see the brains in jars and the animals still living, that's different.

"The labs have agents—sort of totters, like Steptoe—only they steal cats. There was one very wicked gang in Walthamstow who were stealing cats all over England. So up comes the old professional, and within a matter of days we nicked them. But you'd be surprised at the amount of effort that went into that. The same as if we'd caught a ring of spies. They're right up to everything these boys, you know.

"The laboratories—respectable places where top doctors and scientists work—give £3 a cat and up to 10 quid for a dog. The animal dealers they work through pay £1 a cat and £3 a dog. There's a terrific racket there; dear old ladies advertise offering a home for pets. A funny home they go to sometimes.

"One of the things I did on this job was to publish a reward: £250 it was. Normally you might not get much response when you ask for information like that. But on this one we did."

Every agency I spoke to said they were constantly being pestered by 19-year-old boys who wanted to become

detectives. They say it's worse that it used to be. "Today," says Leach, "everyone is a James Bond. They've all been watching the TV. They actually ring me up out of the blue and say they only want international work—life and death stuff. Who do they think they are?

"The best type of person I've ever employed are jockeys. Retired jockeys. They're sharper. They're quick. Got to be haven't they?"

He thinks that the long hours of static observation on the streets, which is the normal fare for most detectives, is never really boring for an observant man. "The street scene today is very entertaining. There's the milkman having a bit on the side. Accidents, shoppers, and people bumping into each other. That happens much more nowadays.

"If you miss out on something you should have noticed," he says, "you've never really had it. In every suburban street there's always the curtain people. Someone looking out."

I asked Mr Leach how violent or dangerous his job could be. Like many others, he says, "it's as dangerous and violent as you make it. I've had some good hidings."

He did believe that it is getting more dangerous. With his protection business coming up and the odd murder. People are becoming more prone to violence. They call it punch-up."

Mr Ford says that occasional violence is inevitable. "If you know open the door of the van and they're at it on the back seat—well, it's bound to happen. Though most of the trouble seems to come when we're serving writs." Mr Ford, who is 6 ft. 2 in., says that many of the people he works with are the same sort of size and that "this seems to be a deterrent."

An important area of specialisation for detective agencies is in the field of security. The Walsh Agency is one of the most important in the group. They give personal protection (Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers, Elizabeth Taylor), security advice (Asprey's), have armoured vehicles and a pack of 50 or 60 Alsatian dogs (they supply them for Dixon of Dock Green). These dogs, trained by Paddy Moonie (an ex-RSM from the military police), are used to carry cash or protect patrolmen. Most of them are trained so that they can be recalled from an attack by several different men. The one we photographed in Walsh's office won't do this. Once it is on a man, it won't come back until it has overpowered him completely. The dog, called Deutcher, broke up a gang of eight men in Shaftesbury Avenue recently. "They're not made savage," said one of the handlers, "they *are* savage."

By far the largest company in the security field is Securicor. In fact, although they will undertake more ordinary detective work (divorce, etc.), the section which deals with this is a very minor part of the organisation.

Securicor was established in 1935. Although similar companies have existed on the Continent, South Africa and elsewhere for as long as 80 years (the most famous of them is Securitas of Switzerland), Securicor did not really begin to find a receptive market in England until the early 1950's. Since then (especially since it was taken over by Kensington Palace Hotels), it has had a spectacular growth record. It has 80 branches in this country (as well as ones in Malaya, Hong Kong, New Zealand and Australia).

It has an armoured fleet of more than 650 vehicles, employs 5,000 guards (all of them fidelity bonded and trained in numerous methods of self-defence), and now protects property worth more than £1,000,000,000.

The firm provides "static security guards, mobile patrols, a tele-contact service, cash in transit, a wage-packeting service, vault storage, a bank deposit service, detection, closed-circuit television, electronic devices to give warning in case of breakings, fire and floodings, and fire services and fire protection services."

According to their handout, Securicor believe that there are still far too few people who take proper security precautions. "It is unreasonable," the handout says, "for employers to subject their wages staff to the risk of being hit on the head or body. It has been known for bandits to make brutal attacks on cashiers within their own offices," and as for elderly watchmen, they "may well be trussed up in a warehouse out of harm's way while a gang settles down to select its loot." The facts are undeniable. In an area in which the police are too-understaffed, ill-equipped, or legally involved to operate effectively, it will often be not only more efficient, but probably cheaper in the long run for firms to subscribe to a security service, rather than to count either on insurance alone, or on their own security precautions.

If one of Securicor's vans (equipped with toughened glass windows, radio equipment, specially reinforced bodies and three guards each), is attacked and the money lost (as has happened), Securicor claim to be able to replace the amount in half an hour.

It is not surprising that they handle over two-thirds of the cash-carrying business in Britain.

Mr James, who handles the company's public relations from an office in Grand Buildings in Trafalgar Square, says "the company *really* is an industrial security company. We do try and avoid contact with the public. You might say that if we cross a pavement with £300 we're having contact. But *really* the contact only comes if we're attacked by a member of the public. You'll agree with me there?

"The vans we have," says Mr James, "are impenetrable. Touch wood. This impenetrability means that the attacks we now get are mostly on the pavement or *inside* a place. It happened to the BBC. That's why we've instigated this new wage-packeting system. *We* draw the money from the bank, we check it—every single penny, every note—and then we make it up in packets. Mrs Jones, Charlie Tickers; and we even go one better than that. We have special vehicles for paying out. One we have—it's a two-tonner, bullet proof, with eye slots—we pay out on the site. See what I'm getting at?

"The service can be done for as little as 5d a packet. That, of course, depends on the volume. We have one wage-packeting job in London of £14,000. We do a million pounds a week in London as a whole. See what I'm getting at?"

One of Securicor's biggest single commissions is for the guarding of the majority of British race-courses. The three-year contract, worth £45,000 a year, was awarded on the basis of a one-year survey undertaken by Securicor. The company is responsible for the horses from the moment they arrive at the course until the last race of the meeting.

"The whole point is this," said Mr James. "It doesn't stop doping. But we experts know how to look for loopholes. You know, windows, low fences, holes. See what I'm getting at again? Everyone who goes in or out has a pass. Got it? Ha, ha. But of course I'm not much of a horse chap myself. G B Shaw said anyone knows one horse runs faster than another. That's all I really know."

Mr James also mentioned "another interesting little thing we do. Guardettes. It's for mannequins and so on. When they're changing from one set of clothes, or diamonds, into another. Someone could nip out through the ladies' lavatory. No, no, this is what security's about you know. If we have a Guardette in the powder room we've minimised the risk haven't we?"

Securicor's greatest pride at the moment is a two-storey red-brick building in West Drayton, one mile from the airport. The building is surrounded by barbed wire. Mr James, who calls it "The Fort Knox of Europe," says that it really impressed the crime reporters when the place was "unveiled" in June.

The building, full of long empty halls, brown school desks, numerous alarms, TV monitoring systems, steel doors, spy holes, £5 notes, piles of silver and cartons of orange squash for the wage sorters looks very safe and rather gloomy.

The nearest thing to decoration was a series of stickers, labels and posters which seemed to turn up in most of the rooms (I think I even saw one in the safe). These labels had slogans on them such as: "Time is money—Guard it." "Never Take A Chance With Security." "Talk Tells Thieves—Keep It To Yourself." "All Together—Heave!," and (most sinister of all), "In Securicor There Is No Us And Them."

The centre works as the main depot for treasure, bullion, or other valuables which arrive or leave the airport (as well as performing the other functions of one of Securicor's regional headquarters). Staffed principally by ex-members of the Army, its heart is a gigantic Chapp-made safe ("possibly the biggest in Europe"). This safe, which has

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FETCHING GIRLS

The clothes London waitresses are wearing—like the food London restaurants are serving—are getting tastier and more decorative. In dozens of eating places you are now served with a smile by medieval Maid Marians, by western Maid Mavericks, by girls in Victorian and Edwardian clothes. Even Leicester Square, home of plastic trees and strip-lighting, now boasts a waitress in a ravishing Viva Maria hat . . . and there is also a rumour that a restaurant manned by a schoolgirl team from St Trinian's is on the way.

1

2

Photographs by John Goldblatt

1 At the Contented Sole, 19 Exhibition Road SW7, Elizabeth Haswell, 20, serves huge helpings of fish wearing black skirt, black stockings, white ruffled shirt and a boater.

2 King's Road gear—clinging jersey and minimal skirt—worn by Andrea Leeman, 24, at a new bistro called The Spot, 85 King's Road, SW3.

3 Evelyn Ong, 23, model and part-time waitress, wears South Sea colours and a slit skirt to serve Menehunie's Delight at the Beachcomber Bar, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1.

4 New Zealand-born Sue Frewin, 21, wears a lavish Viva Maria hat, long black skirt and white shirt among the Victoriana at the Merry-Go-Round, Leicester Square, WC2.

5 At Flanagan's, 100 Baker Street, W1, Ann Harpur, 26, wears a long black skirt in the evenings—short for day—a white shirt and a black boater or a grey top hat.

6 Grace von Paulsen, a 22-year-old German-Ethiopian, at the Cockney Pride, Jermyn Street, W1.

7 Maid Marian, in private life Mrs Rose Erquicia from Spain, serves roast duck "from the sheriff's farm" and Brussels sprouts "from the greensward" at the Blue Boar Inn, Leicester Square, WC2.

8 Maverick girl, Pat Andrews, 24, is waitress and croupier at the Maverick Club, 43 Peckham High Street.

9 Anita Bartlett, 21, has been a waitress in Tunis and St Tropez and now serves in a top hat among the military Victoriana at the Charge of the Light Brigade, White Lion Yard, 37 Upper Brook Street, W1.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

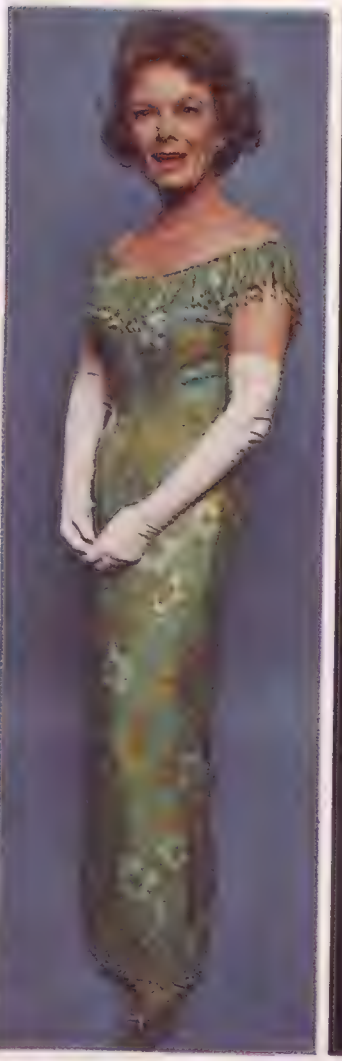
Fashion by Shuna Harwood

Danaë Best (above) model in a purple moiré trouser suit from Biba: the polo blouse was made for her. Her son, Alexander, nearly three, wears navy trousers from Grade One, and the blouse was made for him when he was a pageboy at a wedding.

Lady Birdwood (below) wearing a Courrèges copy trouser suit from Wallis. She teaches history at the Arts Educational Trust School, Hyde Park Corner.

Viscountess Dunluce (right) whose husband restores paintings at the Tate Gallery, wearing a demure dress which she bought short, found matching material and had it transformed into this long dress. They are preparing to move house from Chelsea to Camberwell.

Wendy Cook (left), wife of satirist Peter Cook, in a kingfisher blue wild silk long evening coat over a full-length evening dress in blue and purple pure silk lamé that she designed.



Vivienne Wilson (below) in a shell-pink tweed coat and dress edged with tweed petals, from Tracy in Bond Street. She has just finished a dress designing course.

Anna Neagle (above) now appearing in *Charlie Girl* at the Adelphi Theatre, wearing a printed chiffon evening dress that was designed by Rahvis for a trip she made to Canada to do a television show.

Amanda Grinling (left), now appearing in *Alibi For A Judge* at the Savoy. She makes all her own clothes; this was originally a fringed stole in pink and purple striped wool. The top is pink rayon.

Judy McMinn (far left), buyer for Woollands 21 Shop, wearing a peach cognac coat from the Bagatel Spring collection.

Faith Shuckburgh (right) in an eau de Nil striped furnishing-velvet suit by Annacat. Her husband is a publisher.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Sandra Naylor (below) wearing a black, red and beige silk dress, with matching scarf from Deliss. Her husband is a solicitor.

Jillian Robertson (above an Australian journalist who has recently returned to London from reporting on the war in Vietnam, wearing a saffron Buddhi robe she bought in Saigo

Hélène Lang (far left), a ex-Patou model, now free-lancing here. She is wearing a heavy navy wool bouclé coat and dress given to her from a Patou collection.

Alice Pollock (left), owner of Quorum, in a dress of two shades of green, designed by Ossi Clark; the material was designed by Celia Birtwe for Quorum.

Philomena King (right) wearing a black and whit coney coat from the Joh Bates Avenger collection Her husband is a graphic designer.

Nina (below), the singer, wearing a Dior copy coat in cream and beige tweed with lynx collar and cuffs which she bought in Copenhagen. She and her husband Frederick are here on a working tour of England.

April Olrich (below) plays in *Wait A Minim*, which opens on Broadway in March. She is wearing a real fishnet top over a body stocking, and Jaeger denim hipsters, with tie sides. Soleless sandals as worn in South Africa.

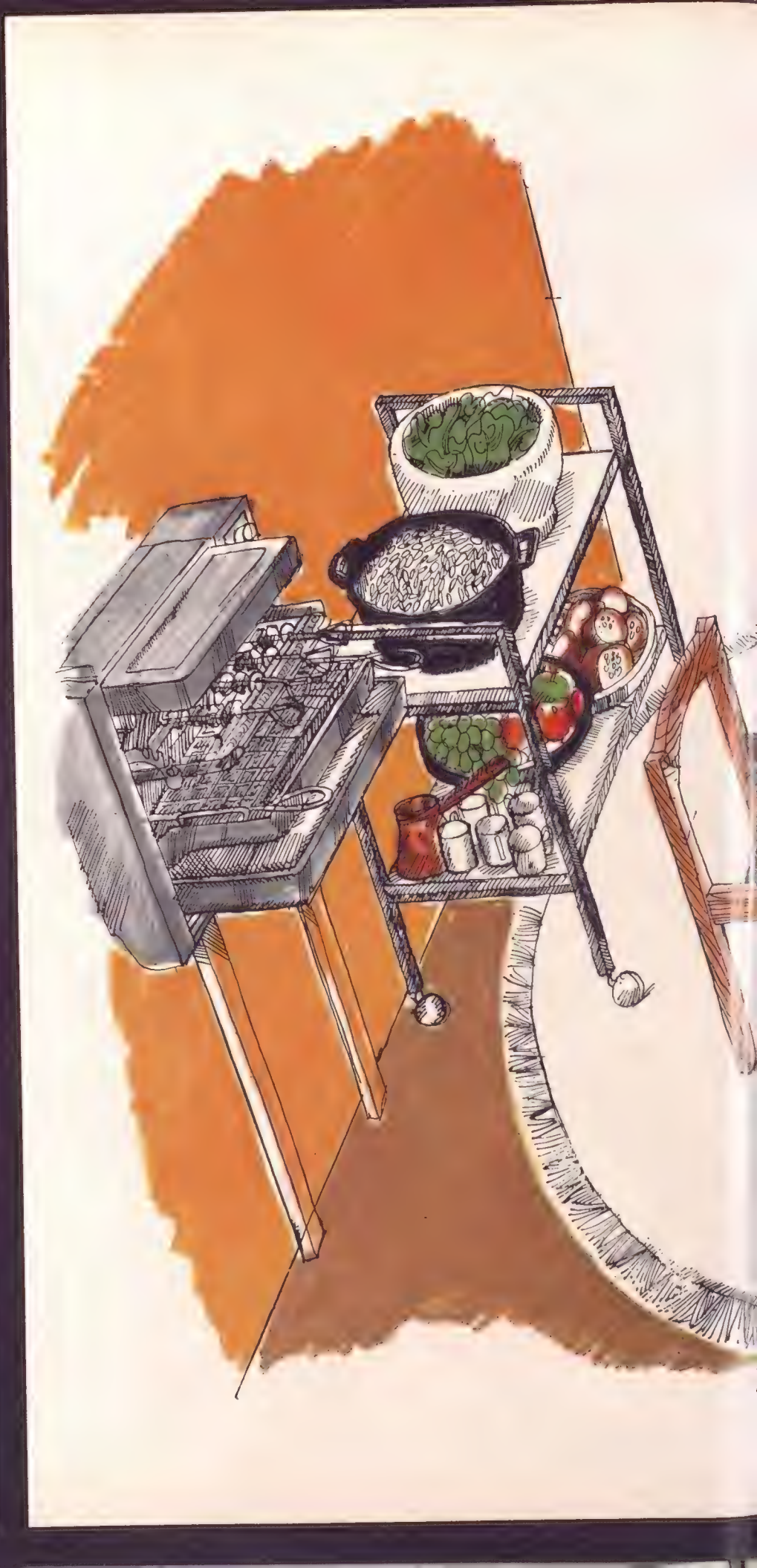
Elizabeth Barham (above) just off to America to work in New York as interpreter to an Italian industrialist. She is wearing a lightweight wool dress in Liberty print from Jane & Jane spring collection.

Janey Ironside (left), Professor of Fashion at the Royal College of Art, wearing a white crepe suit with black jet buttons by Ossie Clark.

Photographs by Peter Akehurst

LONDON LIFE AT HOME

Starting now is a three-week exhibition of London Life room settings at Heal's, Tottenham Court Road. Four members of the London Life staff combined with the display section at Heal's to produce four room settings, each designed as a background to one aspect of entertaining. For an artist's view of the rooms, see these pages and overleaf; for the full 3-D effect, see Heal's, from 24 February to 17 March



The scene: an informal dining room in brown, cream and orange (*left*)
The action: Sunday lunch for four
The equipment: Pine table by Leslie Gay, £24 17s; matching chairs, carvers, £9 18s each; side chairs, £6 12s each; brown Irish linen tablecloth, £3 12s 6d; black linen table napkins, 5s 2d each; (Swiss) plain white Medallion china: plates, 6s 4d each; side plates, 4s 10d each; coffee cups and saucers, 18s 1d each. Orange Vulcan beakers, 16s 6d each; goblets, 19s 3d each; yew salt and pepper pots, £1 15s 6d the pair; 'Unique' stainless steel cutlery, £9 5s a setting (coffee spoons, 18s 3d each); rush mats, 14s 6d each; the fold-away grill on the wall is by Cannon, £31; black trolley with white formica is by Conran, £23 6s 6d.
The producer: Angela Ince

The scene: a bachelor flat decorated in dark red and black (*above*)
The action: an after-theatre buffet supper
The equipment: Black cirrus armchair, £24 15s; Pastoe rosewood sideboard, £146 12s 6d; chrome and black wall-spotlight, £3 0s 9d; matching standard light, £16; self-assembly pendant light, 3 guineas; stainless steel cutlery by Arne Jacobson, £6 2s 3d a setting; stainless steel casserole and heater, £5 8s; air bubble tumblers, 13s each; decanter, £4 6s; the floor is covered in black Marley tiles, with a white sheepskin rug, 6 guineas; curtains on the far wall are oatmeal slub silk at 14s 11d a yard.
The producer: J Roger Baker

Drawings by Wendy Jones & David Rowley

The scene: a nursery in sharp pink and white (*below*)
The action: a children's party
The equipment: Wickerwork sofa, £7 19s; adaptable high chair, £4 10s; oak nursery table, £9; Ercol chairs, £3 7s 6d each; child's bed with drawers, by Frazer, £36 1s 6d; cardboard doll's house, complete with make-it-yourself furniture, £2 19s 6d; large wooden garden tub, £10 10s 3d; the floor is a giant chequerboard of cherry red and silver birch vinyl 'Selflay' tiles.
The producer: Colin Bell

The scene: a teenager's bed-sitting room in maroon and camel (*right*)
The action: A wine, cheese and records party
The equipment: circular table on a floor-to-ceiling pole made by Heals; cane oval bed, £56 12s 6d; bentwood stools £2 9s 6d each; on the table, seven-piece water set in craft pottery, £5 12s; platter, £5 10s 3d, and preserve pot, 16s 3d, both Denby Arabesque pottery; decanter, £4 6s; walls: Sanderson's Canotex, 9s 6d yard; ponyskin rug, 16 guineas.
The producer: Diana Jervis-Read

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gigantic stainless steel doors, so heavy that they take up to eight seconds to pull fully open, has a combination lock only part of whose code is in the mind of any one man.

There is one field of detective work which everyone claims to despise. That is the repossession of goods, (cars, radiograms, TV sets) on whose payment hire purchasers have defaulted. Ford, who used to do repossession, says, "I personally wouldn't touch it any more." He added, when I saw him, that Barry Quartermain does do repossessions.

I met Mr Quartermain in the Law Courts. He was giving evidence in two routine divorce cases. His dates, times, "woman named" and "yes, your lordships," were fluent. As we walked towards the judges' car park ("I always park there"), he asked what kind of a car Merken had at the moment. I told him it was a Mark 10 Jaguar, specially upholstered. "Oh well," he laughed as he opened the door of his Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce, "we're all a lot of plutocrats."

Mr Quartermain is a barrel-chested, slightly balding 30-year-old who rides and shoots on an estate near Colchester. He practises with professional wrestlers, does party impersonations of retired colonels, can rip up a telephone directory and split ash trays into perfect halves by the judicious use of his index finger.

He wears an enormous black steel watch called a Nivada Grenchen. This has at least four rings of numbers, each one adjustable against the other, so that it can be set, for instance, to tell you exactly how many minutes you have left before your parking meter runs out. The same dial also serves the purpose of informing you how long you've got before your oxygen tank will be empty (in case you happen to be deep-sea diving). In fact, among other things, the watch is described as being "depthomatic." Its outer rim is actually chemically constituted in such a way that it will light up like a torch when in contact with salt water.

When Mr Quartermain left the RAF he returned to Kingston (his home town) and set up as a reporter. Two years later he became a detective.

With two partners he now owns an investment holding company which controls a string of agencies. There is the Kingston Detective Agency which deals with fraud, sabotage and divorce (about five a week) and something called Quartermain London Investigations. This is a controlling company for the AAA bureau, registered for the purposes of advertising in the directory, Trace Investigations, which specialises in repossession and the tracing of individuals, and the Southern Provincial Investigation Agency.

Unlike many other agencies, like Merken's (which may, of course, specialise in different kinds of work), Southern Provincial is very much a "business." It has assets of value and an entrenched stream of guaranteed work coming in. It is the sort of business (like Walsh's) that could be bought or sold. It specialises in writ serving, tracings for small credit finance companies, repossession, and observations.

"Other people," says Quartermain, "will tell you they don't do any car tracing, or any observation. We leave that to the irks, they say. I think all that's a lot of rhubarb.

"Of course we do repossession. The others don't mostly because they haven't got the facilities, not because of moral scruple. After all, you need a breakdown van, at least two men on the job and radio linkage. The best thing for you to do would be to go out and see what happens."

A Bedford van and two men picked me up at 5.45 and drove me to Eltham Hill, where we were supposed to "repossess" a 1965 Vauxhall Cresta.

Repossession units work on 24-hour shifts. During the daytime they locate the addresses of the various defaulters. If these are at home they will be asked either to voluntarily give up the car or TV set in question, or to make an immediate payment. If they are not at home the agents will try to leave a message to the same effect. Should the defaulter refuse either to pay, or to forfeit the goods, it is open to the agents to simply remove them. However, as they cannot enter a house and do this without permission, many cases have to go to court and then be referred to the bailiffs. But cars, which stand in the street, can be taken on sight. As these are usually only at home during the night and early morning, it is at these times that most of the repossession occurs.

The Vauxhall we were looking for had been moved from its usual place outside the renter's house into a side street. "Bill" broke into it by forcing the side-vent window with a screw-driver. There was nothing inside the car except a wooden police truncheon under the driver's seat.

Bill couldn't make the car start. It had to be towed all the way back to Kingston, where the truncheon was wrapped up in brown paper for mailing back to the owner. This was the second time that the car had been repossessed. On the first occasion the man had paid by cheque immediately and the car had been returned to him on the same day. Since then the cheque had bounced six times.

Repossession is only possible where the hirer has paid less than one-third of the total due. "Even then," said the driver, "most finance companies will hold off, or make a special arrangement. After that they will issue a final warning and wait for up to seven days. The trouble is that the defaulters are often a right lot of bastards. They've never had any intention of paying.

"Of course, this isn't always the case. Sometimes a hard-luck story is the truth. But what can you do then? You can't expect the companies to finance hard luck now, can you?"

Bill has a habit of whistling while he drives or walks up to someone's front door. His favourite tune is *In An English Country Garden*. Mike, his companion on these sweeps through South London, is more reserved, but looks equally jolly about his work.

The work could obviously be unpleasant at times. One house at which we stopped to repossess a TV seemed to be empty until a very old lady in a fluffy pink dressing gown finally peeped out of the door. Quite obviously she did not understand what we wanted, but finally allowed us to go up to the room of one of her tenants (which was quite bare except for a bed and the TV) and remove the set. As we left the house she asked us at what time we would be bringing back the new model. No one answered. Sensitive men might find this sort of incident a little gruelling. But they would soon become inured, and detectives are anyway not a sensitive race. The job has to be done by somebody. No doubt it makes a lot of people unhappy, but it is surely more wholesome than a lot of divorce work must be—about which few detectives express any scruples.

There is one thing which every agency is constantly pestered by. Detectives inevitably appeal to the mad. Lunatics go to the agencies in droves with imagined problems and persecutions. Most agencies have about two of these cases every week. Sometimes they are difficult to recognise.

When they have been recognised, several agencies may well be sufficiently unscrupulous to take money from the client, and pretend that they really have made a thorough search through Ealing for Napoleon or Jack the Ripper. Others will usually send the client home.

"It's difficult to know where to draw the line," says Merken. "For instance there was a letter I got last week from a couple in Surrey. They say their daughter is missing and they think that she's been kidnapped by the nuns from a local convent. Now you might think that that sounds like a nut case if ever there was one. But I'm not so sure. I've been into it a little and I think there may be something in it. You'd be surprised at what the Church can do at times.

"Normally, however, I can tell a nut case 10 miles against the wind. I've had women *chase* me—practically camp on the door-step. There was one who turned up here in boots, sweater and ski-pants with a bundle of £5 notes. There must have been 300 quid there. It turned out she was being chased all over the world by electronic noises. I never got rid of her. She sends me cards from Sydney every month.

"Another lady came to me last week. She must have been over 70. She said the people on her TV were making signs at her. With their noses. I couldn't get shot of her."

Merken paused. Then he said: "Detectives? We're probably all mad ourselves. It's a funny business."

Nobody doubts it.

TOP DRESSING

For those who need a change of hairdressing scene: a guide to prices styles and amenities

Richard Conway's Ginger Group of Hairdressers, Raphael Street, SW7 (KNI 6303/4427). Haunt of Young Londoners as it is gay (non-stop music) and cheap (13s 6d for standard shampoo and set) and go-ahead. You can take in your own records to play.

They have a long list of special attractions, including showers and changing rooms, where you can wash and dress up, and Hair Cut Saturday – part of main saloon is sectioned off for people who just want to have their hair cut well – no feeling of obligation to have hair shampooed and set as well. There is also the blonde-for-a-season contract. For 15 guineas you can have hair bleached blonde and kept that way for three months. They will tint it back to original colour at any time during this period if you decide you don't like it. There are separate cubicles, too, where clients can be tended in privacy. They specialise in a long hair cut for men – the charge 21s is for wet and dry cutting and "setting." Standard charges range from 7s 6d for a comb-out to 12 guineas for a year's perm contract.

Derek Roe, 164 Brompton Road (KNI 3671). London's newest, top-flight hairdressing salon. Derek Roe is the first American hairdresser to open in London. He favours the soft, feminine look – slightly curly. His salon, designed by John Siddeley, is glossy and very modern, and the air-conditioned driers never get too hot. Reasonably priced lunches from the Norwegian Food Centre. Tea and coffee provided free. Customers can hire a good selection of hair-pieces for a guinea an evening (or 2 guineas a week). Regular customers going abroad can be provided with their own illustrated "coiffure passport" showing how their hair should be dressed. Charges are from 25s for cutting to a year's perm contract at 25 guineas.

Vidal Sassoon, 171 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 9665), and Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 2463). Still THE fashionable hairdresser's. Cutting is main trademark and encourage non-regular clients to come in just for a re-style. They are specialists in straightening hair, leaving it in excellent condition. This costs from 6 guineas and should last at least four months. Vidal himself charges 4 guineas for cutting and the same for shampoo and set. Top stylists Roger (Grosvenor House) and Joshua (Bond Street) charge 2 guineas for each, other stylists £1 11s 6d for cutting and £1 5s for shampoo and set. They do not really believe in perming, but will do a very soft perm if the hair needs body. Annual perm contract is 22 guineas and there is a colour contract – 26 guineas for six whole-head treatments, and as many hair-line treatments as required in between.

Maurice & John French, Duke Street, W1 (MAY 0031). This salon, with a Japanese-style decor and Chinese meals served to customers while under driers, is run by two young ex-Vidal Sassoon stylists. A year old, it now has a very fashionable clientele. They will hire false pieces out for the evening for 3 guineas, which includes putting piece into place and comb-out. For additional evening glamour they have some attractive silk and chiffon covered rollers decorated with tiny jewels, which they hire out for 1 guinea. They have introduced a new range of highlights . . . putting different colours in different shades of hair instead of the conventional blonde highlighting. They are glad to cut hair without setting it. Charges from 10s 6d comb-outs (clients only), to 21 guineas perm contract.

Peter Robinson, The Strand, WC2 (TRA 7890). Useful to know if you want a moderately priced shampoo and set and you are in a hurry – can get you in and out of salon within one hour. Also it is one of only town salons that is open on Saturday afternoons (closed on Monday). And good place to go if you want a quick comb-out, irrespective of whether or not you had your hair set in their salon. Charges are from trimming 3s 6d to 12 guineas perm contract. It is advisable to book in lunch-times, and later on during week, but on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings it is usually possible to make a last-minute appointment. A brand-new, up-to-date salon is opening in the basement of Oxford Street branch of Peter Robinson's in the first week of April.

Smith & Hawes, 76-78 Sloane Avenue (KNI 8875). Opened in November 1965, and probably the only fashionable hairdressing salon in town which is run by girls, not men. Co-directors are 24-year-old Patti Smith and 31-year-old Wendy Hawes. Decor of the salon is refreshingly cool, and their Aram swivel chairs for styling cost £150 each. Michael Chow, who designed the interior, chose every detail himself. They specialise in quality hair-dos and friendly atmosphere and the food counter serves toast and marmalade, yoghourt, sandwiches and salads. Charges are from 1 guinea shampoo and set, or cutting, to 18 guineas a year contract perm. They use discretion as to whether or not to give a free comb-out . . . depending on how busy they are, and how often the client wants them. Hair-pieces are from 30 guineas upwards.

Leonard, 6 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 5757). Expensive, fashionable salon, where you can also have sauna baths, make-ups, top-to-toe treatments, etc. They also provide elegant changing rooms, where you can dress up for the evening and leave your day-clothes for collecting the next day. They specialise in hair-cutting, and don't mind if people come in for a restyle without having a shampoo and set as well . . . "Hair will just fall well into place after it has been cut here" is the proud claim. Also have reputation for doing excellent colour tinting. Charges are from 25s cut, or shampoo and set to 25 guineas perm or colouring contracts. Comb-outs are for clients only. The first is free, that for evening style, or putting chignon in place, costs from 10s 6d to a guinea.

Harold Leighton, 28a Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM 7488). Outpost of haute coiffure in North-West London. Elegant salon where clients can relax with feet up while under driers, and a snack bar. At the top of the spiral staircase, a boutique run by Harold's wife, Maxine Leighton. They specialise in hair-cutting. "We don't like to be told what to do by clients, but like to study their faces and create a hair-style that we think would suit them best." They also like to cut hair before setting for the first time. Prices are from 17s 6d shampoo and set, cutting from 10s 6d. Their contract for shampoo and setting is 36 guineas a year, which includes a set a week and one comb-out a week. Contract for perming is 14 and 16 guineas a year, and for hair colouring, 22 guineas a year – for as many rinses as you like. Comb-outs, for clients only, are from 7s 6d. If you have a real hair-problem, they will bring in consultant trichologist to advise on treatment.

Gerard Austen, 44 Sloane Street, SW1 (BEL 2906). Very large, very "in," very busy salon, which can seat up to 70 people. They have a special department for wigs and hair-pieces, and can clean and set these while you are having your real hair done. False pieces cost from 36 guineas for top-knots, 18 guineas for fringes, long back falls from 45 guineas. Wigs are from 90 guineas upwards. There are kitchens on the premises and you can dine in style under driers on salads, cold cuts, smoked salmon, trout, iced vichyssoise etc, or you can write letters on specially headed paper "from under drier at Gerard Austen." Charges from 25s for cutting or shampoo and set to perm contract 25 guineas. Comb-outs, for clients only, are from 7s 6d. Combing and fixing a chignon in place would cost 15s.

Maison Georges, 40 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1 (VIC 5943). An old-established salon – but brought up-to-date for a young clientele. They cater for all age-groups, with separate cubicles provided for older ladies who still like to have some privacy. Specialities are cutting and wig-making – there is a workroom on the premises. Charges are 13s 6d for shampoo and set, 10s 6d for cutting. They will give contracts for colouring or perming at customers' requests.

THE WEEK AHEAD

GALLERIES

Are you a fit person to look at pictures or do you wilt halfway? Are you in the right gear to reach the end of a large exhibition or get round a lot of small ones? Do you linger or are you a peeper? Making the most of your time and your strength is more complex than it might seem. Keith Sutton offers some gratuitous advice on how actually to see pictures, based on 25 years' wilful experience; and also selects and informs on over 40 galleries and exhibitions, including Jann Hawarth's weird familiars at the Robert Fraser Gallery (*above*). Turn to page 52

THEATRE

Big new show for the week is *The Match Girls*, written by comedian Bill Owen with music by Tony Russell. Bought instantly on its first appearance at Guildford, it is the story of the first women's strike . . . of workers in the Bryant & May match factory. It should mean stardom for Vivienne Martin. . . . And censorship is in the air again. Just how far can one go on the stage? Check up on page 46

MUSIC

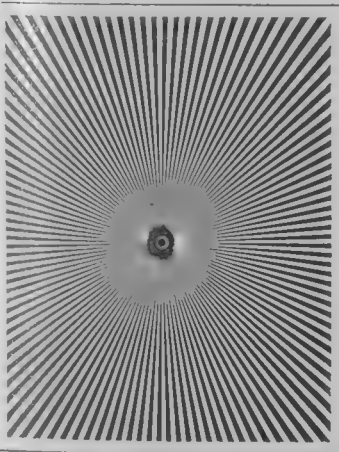
Sadler's Wells' new production of *La Boheme* is on 2 March with John Wakefield (*below*) as Rudolph . . . Covent Garden revives Wagner's *Parsifal* (in German) on 25 Feb . . . Mahler's last work, the unfinished Tenth Symphony, is given by the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the Festival Hall on 2 March. Richard Last writes about Deryck Cooke – the man who undertook to complete the work – on page 51

DISCS

The Walker Brothers (*above*) celebrate their first anniversary in England with a new Philips single, *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More* – with a 32-piece orchestra, no less. . . . For Andy Williams fans a new LP from CBS on 1 March entitled *May Each Day*. . . . A strong line-up at the Marquee this week: Long John Baldry (24 Feb), Garry Farr & The T Bones (25 Feb), Dick Morrissey and the Tony Kinsey Quintet (26 Feb), Manfred Mann (1 March) and Chris Barber (2 March). . . . The Settlers release a single, *Now Where Man* (on the Pye label, 25 Feb . . . *The Roy Orbison Way* is the big Decca LP release on 1 March . . . Anita Harris, variously described as our best female singer and an artist too good for the Charts, has strong views about her fellow singers. Read her record reviews on page 59

MISCELLANY

The exhibition of room settings designed by *London Life* (see page 40) continues at Heal's, Tottenham Court Road . . . The *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opens on 1 March at Olympia . . . The St Pancras Arts Festival begins on 26 Feb . . . Arnold Wesker chairs a discussion on the Brecht *Coriolanus* and *The Marat/Sade* by Peter Weiss at the New Ambassadors Hotel, WC1, on 27 Feb . . . The Design Centre's exhibition of Welsh design opens 28 Feb . . . Sally Miles and Gerald Frow open their Horseshoe Wharf Club at the Mermaid Theatre on 1 March . . . The Showbiz Ball (tickets 22s 6d) is at the Lyceum in the Strand on 2 March



BOOKS

For a mere 12s 6d or 14s you can buy the paperback versions of Weidenfeld & Nicolson's "World University Library" – the first five titles out of 100 planned are out this week. (Picture from R L Gregory's *Eye and Brain*, No 1 of the series.) Also this week a collection of Tom Wolfe's writings, compulsory in-touch reading in New York, will be published by Cape; a second instalment of the adventures of James Leasor's Dr Jason Love (played by David Niven in the film) from Heinemann, and a first novel by Australian-born Jill Neville, who talks about her book on page 58

NIGHT LIFE

London Life's suggestion for an evening on the town

8.0 pm. Meet for drinks at Trader Vic's, Hilton Hotel

9.0 pm. *Juliet of the Spirits*, Fellini's first film in colour. Academy One or Two, Oxford Street

Midnight. Dine, watch the cabaret and smooch at the Negresco, Brook Street, W1

3.30 am. Sip Irish coffee and listen to any Stan Getz LP

5.0 am. If you are still awake and in need of entertainment tune in to the BBC world service's English lessons. Hilarious

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THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Man & Superman. 2 The Government Inspector. 3 Hello Dolly! 4 Incident at Vichy. 5 A Lily in Little India.

It is amusing – and instructive – to take a quick glance at the current and recent successes to see just how far it is possible to go with sex on stage. In *Say Who You Are* the theme is adultery and the action includes a symbolic castration (the cutting away of arms from the husband's jacket) and does not end with the couples paired off in happiness. *Boeing-Boeing* is about a dashing young man who juggles three air hostesses in and out of his bed. *The Killing of Sister George* has four characters, three of whom are overtly Lesbian. *Saturday Night & Sunday Morning* has our folk hero diving between the sheets of two sisters (alternately) and presents a graphic essay in back-street abortion. In *A Severed Head* each of the three main female characters goes to bed at one point with each of the three males – and this embraces a half-brother and sister relationship. *The Homecoming* ends with the only female character evidently preparing to take on an entire household of men.

In face of this dazzling and legal display of sexual antics available to anyone with a few bob to spend on a seat some bannings seem illogical. The most famous forbidden play of the past year was John Osborne's marathon *A Patriot for Me*. Public showing was disallowed because it showed men in drag and in bed with each other. In the event Captain Redl kept his trousers firmly on in bed, and the late George Devine was certainly no more offensive than many female impersonators that operate in clubs and pubs around town.

Moreover the play was a serious study of the downfall of its central figure; its presentation of homosexual encounters would hardly incite anyone to run screaming down the King's Road in search of forbidden fruits. Nor, for that matter, does *Sister George* make one long to be a Lesbian for the peace it brings.

That plays such as this are basically extremely moral is a thought that seems to evade the censor. The Ten Commandments are broken nightly on the stage and often retribution does not follow. *Maggie May* – for my money one of the dirtiest shows seen recently – did not bring its central character into odium; the hero died through strike breaking; Maggie lives to see another lay. The simple question that must be answered satisfactorily by parliament or whoever is: "Is there any person who is willing to allow someone else to say what he may or may not see on the stage?"

j roger baker

WEST END

openings

T 1 Mar: **The Match Girls,** Globe Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerard Hely

W 2 Mar: **The Owl and the Pussycat.** Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3215). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Cast: Diane Sands, Anton Rodgers. First Night: 7.30

current

Ad-Lib, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Revue. Dirs: George Mully, Leon Gluckman. Cast: Larry Adler, Libby Morris. 8.30 (ends 10.30). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0), 9.0 (ends 11.0). Opened 2 Feb 1966

Alibi for a Judge, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felecity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruikshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 5 Aug 1965

Arsenic & Old Lace, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson, Martin Miller. 8.0. W: 2.45. Sat: 5.0. Opened 23 Feb 1966

Babes in the Wood, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J. Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45), 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

Barefoot in the Park, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Mildred Natwick, Kurt Kasznav. Young-married troubles, Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15), Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

Beyond the Fringe, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

Black and White Minstrel Show, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Merver. Songs and dances only cease for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

Boeing-Boeing, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick, Pippa Rowe, Joanna Henderson, Anna Gilcrist. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

Charlie Girl, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stateley homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

Chase Me Comrade, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30), 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964

Hello Dolly! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and Choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith, Marilynn Lovell, Garrett Lewis. 7.30 (ends 9.55). W: 9.55. W and S: 2.30 (ends 4.45)

How's the World . . . Treating You? Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox, Thelma Whiteley, Brayn Stanyon, Anna Cropper. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

An Ideal Husband, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

Incident at Vichy, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

The Killing of Sister George, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover; another kinky comedy. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55), 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

A Lily in Little India, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Donald Howarth. Dir: Donald Howarth. Cast: Jill Bennett, Jessie Evans, Ian McKellen, Ken Jones, Leslie Handford. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 10.30). W: 3.0 (ends 5.0). Opened 20 Jan 1966

Man & Superman, Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Patrick McAlinney, Martin Jarvis, Marda Vanne, Edward Bishop, Judy Wilson, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th and Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965. Ends 19 Feb (transfers 21 Feb to Garrick, Charing Cross Road)

A Month in the Country, Cambridge, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: Turgenev. Dir: Michael Redgrave. Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Fay Compton. Selfish passions in a Russian summer. 8.0 (ends 10.40). Th and Sat: 2.45 (ends 5.25). Opened 22 Sep 1965. Ends 5 Mar

The Mousetrap, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall, Charles Hill, Timothy Parkes, Clive Scott, Mysie Monte, Kate Matheson, David Raven. A further cast-change sees it into its 14th year. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

Oliver! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart from Dickens. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T and Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

On the Wagon, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Bernard Miles. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. T, Th and Sat: 8.40 (ends 10.40). Opened 6 Jan 1966

The Philanderer, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Don Taylor. Cast: Derek Godfrey, Loudia Vaughan, Wensley Pithey. M, W and F: 8.40 (ends 10.53). W, Th and F: 6.0 (ends 8.13). Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.43), 5.30 (ends 7.43). Opened 27 Jan 1966. Ends 26 Feb

Present Laughter, Queens Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Nigel Patrick. Cast: Nigel Patrick, Phyllis Calvert, Maxine Audley, Robert Desmond, Avice Landon. The Master's a classic now, dear boy. 8.0 (ends 10.45). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.15). Opened 21 Apr 1965. Ends 5 Mar

Robert and Elizabeth, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: John Clements, June Bronhill, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

Saturday Night & Sunday Morning, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Author: Alan Sillitoe. Dir: Frank Dunlop. Cast: Tom Bell, Joan Heal, June Ritchie. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W and Sat: 6.15 (ends 8.25); 8.50 (ends 11.0). Opened 1 Feb 1966

Say Who You Are, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Two men, two girls, two telephones, a pub, a lift, and a staircase add up to sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct 1965

A Severed Head, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Authors: Iris Murdoch and J B Priestley. Dir: Val May. Stars: Bernard Horsfall, Vivienne Drummond. Sex rears its pretty head among the well-heeled set. 8.15 (ends 10.25). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.10). Sat. 6.0 (ends 8.10), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 26 June 1963. Ends 26 Feb

A Smashing Day, New Arts

Alec Guinness stars in "Incident at Vichy," Arthur Miller's attempt to distil the Nazi persecution of the Jews into individual terms. Anthony Quayle co-stars.

Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Alan Plater. Dir: John Fernald. Cast: Jenny Laird, Hywell Bennett, Basil Dignam, Michael Blackham, Barbara Barnett, Christine Hargreaves, Ben Kingsley, Robert Powell. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 16 Feb 1966. Ends 12 Mar

Son of Oblomov, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad. Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan – and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964

The Sound of Music, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

Spring & Port Wine, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning, John Alderton, Jan Carey, Gretchen Franklin, Melvyn Hayes. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

You Never Can Tell, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast Sir Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45), 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

CLUBS

Hampstead Theatre Club, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). THE PASTIME OF MONSIEUR ROBERT. Th 24 and F 25 Feb: 8.0. Sat 26 Feb: 5.0, 8.15

Lamda Theatre Club, Earls Court Road, W8 (FRE 7017). LE MISANTHROPE. Th 24-Sun 27 Feb: 7.45

Little Angel, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE GLOVE ROD. Sat 26 Feb: 3.0 (ends 4.0), 5.0 (ends 6.0). Sun 27 Feb: 3.0 (ends 4.0). Matinee for very young children Sat 26 Feb: 11.0 (ends midday). Adults 5s 6d, children 4s

Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). SOLITUDE IMPROVED. Th 24-Sat 26 Feb: 9.0. SHADOW OF A GUNMAN. T 1 Mar: 7.30. W 2 Mar: 8.0

Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). HEDDA GABLER. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 7.45

Players Theatre, Villiers Street, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS. Th 24-Sat 26 Feb: 9.0 (ends 11.0). M 28 Feb-T 1 Mar: 8.0 (ends 10.0). W 2 Mar: 9.0 (ends 11.0)

Unity, 1 Goldrington Street, N1 (EUS 5391). DEATH OF A SALESMAN. F 25, Sat 26, Sun 27 Feb: 7.45

Vanbrugh Theatre Club, Malet Street, WC1 (LAN 7982). AGAMEMNON. T 1 Mar: 7.30. W 2 Mar: 2.30, 7.30

REPERTORY

English Stage Company, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 24 Feb: A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE by Thomas Middleton. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Pickup, Tony Selby, John Castle, Barbara Ferris, Frances Cuka, Gillian Martell, Christopher Benjamin, Victor Henry. 7.30 (ends 9.35)
F 25 and Sat 26 Feb: THE KNACK by Ann Jellicoe. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Timothy Carlton, John Castle, Barbara Ferris, Victor Henry. 7.30. Sat only 3.0
T 1 and W 2 Mar: Preview. THE PERFORMING GIANT by Keith Johnstone (Members only). Dirs: William Gaskill, Keith Johnstone. Cast: Bernard Gallagher, Lucy Fleming, Roger Booth, Roddy Maud-Roxby, Joe Grieg, David Leland, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Dennis Waterman. 7.30

National Theatre Company, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 24 and Sat 26 Feb: OTHELLO by Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)
Th 24 Feb: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN by Peter Shaffer. Dirs: John Dexter, Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Kenneth Mackintosh, Robert Stephens, Michael Turner. 7.30 (ends 10.30)
F 25 Feb and W 2 Mar: THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller. Dir. Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Wynne Clark, Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Louise Purnell, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid. 7.30 (ends 10.35)
Sat 26 Feb: ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOODNIGHT by John Arden. Dirs: John Dexter, William Gaskill. Cast: Chloë Ashcroft, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Neil Fitzpatrick, Kay Gallie, Caroline John, Geraldine McEwan, Robert Stephens, Frank Wylie. 7.30 (ends 10.30)
T 1 Mar: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Georges Feydeau translated by John Mortimer. Dir: Jacques Charon. Cast: Albert Finney, Anne Godley, Edward Hardwicke, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Geraldine McEwan, John Stride, Michael Turner, Frank Wylie. 7.30 (ends 10.0)

Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre (TEM 6404). T 24, F 25, Sat 26 Feb, T 1 and 2 Mar: THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Gogol. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Eric Porter, Paul Rogers, Brewster Mason, Paul Hardwick, David Waller, David Warner, Tim Wylton, Charles Kay, Patience Collier, Patsy Bryne. 7.30 (ends 10.0), Sat 26 Feb and W 2 Mar: 2.30 (5.0)
M 28 Feb: HAMLET by Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Janet Suzman, Tony Church, Charles Thomas, Donald Burton, John Bell, James Laurenson, Paul Hardwick, Michael Pennington, Charles Kay, David Waller. 7.30 (ends 11.15)

PERIMETER

Ashcroft Theatre, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). MACBETH. Th 24, F 25 Feb: 7.45. Sat 26 Feb: 5.0, 8.15. THE GRASS IS GREENER with Jill Browne. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 8.45

Golders Green Hippodrome, NW11 (SPE 0022). PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Th 24-Sat 26 Feb: 8.0. Th and Sat: 2.30. THE EXPLOITS OF TOM JONES. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 8.0

New Theatre, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677). THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN. 7.45. Th 2.30. Sat 5.15, 8.30

Palace Theatre, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA2 5671). RUDDIGORE. Th 24 and F 25 Feb: 7.45. Sat 26 Feb: 4.45, 7.45. THE MOST HAPPY FELLA. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 7.45:

Queens' Theatre, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). DICKON. Th 24-Sat 26 Feb: 8.0. THE KNACK. T 1 and W 2 Mar: 8.0

Questors Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing (EAL 5184). A NIGHT OUT, THE OTHER SON, THE RED VELVET COAT. Th 24-Sat 26 Feb: 7.45. No productions until 26 Mar

Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). THE WINSLOW BOY. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 7.45

Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place (CAN 5111). RELATIVE VALUES. F 25, Sat 26, Sun 27 Feb and W 2 Mar: 7.30

Theatre Royal, Windsor (WK 61107). THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. Th 24 Feb: 2.30, 7.30. F 25 Feb and T 1 Mar: 8.0. Sat 26 Feb: 4.45, 8.0. M 28 Feb and W 2 Mar: 7.30

Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon, SW19 (WIM 5211). THE EXPLOITS OF TOM JONES. Th 24 Feb: 2.30, 7.30. F 25 Feb: 7.30. Sat 26 Feb: 5.0, 8.15. WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG. M 28 Feb-W 2 Mar: 7.30

Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford (Guildford 60191). WANTED, ONE BODY. Th 24 Feb: 2.30, 7.45. F 25 Feb: 7.45. Sat 26 Feb: 5.0, 8.0. MACBETH. T 1 and W 2 Mar: 7.30

FILMS

FIRST FIVE 1 The Lady With the Little Dog. 2 Bunny Lake is Missing. 3 Juliet of the Spirits. 4 The Spy Who Came in from the Cold. 5 My Fair Lady.

The metamorphosis of the cinema has been a slow and painful process. The dark corridors of adolescence have been negotiated, though not without heavy casualties; acres of newsprint have debated that hoary old motion – art or industry; our cinemas have been starved of an audience and then of a product.

Now that we are back, blinking uncertainly in the daylight, there seems a case for catering to the brigade who chant in restless chorus: "They don't make them like they used to." There are whole stretches when one can glance down the West End list and, despite censor relaxation, imported films and the general maturity of the medium, only echo the sentiment.

Why must people with a taste for classic films troop down to Waterloo and the sanctuary of the National Film Theatre? Why must they apply for membership to a dozen film societies in the hope of catching an old film? And why are these prints condemned to the charnel house of the major television companies?

There is evidently a case for West End re-runs of something other than *Gone With the Wind*, *Batman* and the impending canonisation of Garbo. The Classic circuit fill a real need with their constant programmes of revivals – a sensible mixture of proven favourites and lesser-known period pieces. And if anyone needs proof of this kind of programme planning as a viable commercial formula, it's encouraging to know that this year the chain celebrate their 30th anniversary. And since the Croydon Classic opened in 1936 not one has been closed for lack of audience.

The celebrations take the form of a season of the famous films and stars of yesteryear at the Baker Street Classic. Today Will Hay's *Boys Will be Boys* opens, followed next week by *Evergreen* and *It's Love Again* in a season of Jessie Matthews' films. Miss Matthews will make a personal appearance at the cinema on Monday evening at 9.15 pm to see herself in a film made in 1935, long before either her retirement or comeback as Mrs Dale or the White Tide Lady.

The season (parallel ones have been mounted at the Manchester Classic and the Glasgow Classic Curzon) continues to the end of March with a line-up that includes *This Above All* with Tyrone Power, *Jolson Sings Again*, *The Farmer Takes a Wife* with Betty Grable, *Hudson's Bay*, Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding in *Piccadilly Incident*, *Chu Chin Chow*, *Escape to Happiness* and the inevitable *Jane Eyre*.

david castell

BORN FREE

Virginia McKenna (above) makes her comeback to the screen as Joy Adamson in "Born Free," Gerald Copley's adaptation of the biography of a lioness. Miss McKenna and her husband, Bill Travers, were ideal casting for the Adamsons as they are both passionately fond of animals. Says executive producer Carl Foreman: "At first we were rather scared about their proximity to the lions, most of them totally untrained – but they soon came to have a rapport that was almost uncanny. In getting such results without any coercion from lions that had never been in a circus or zoo they proved that what Mrs Adamson wrote about isn't a freak experience." Nevertheless, Miss McKenna suffered one mauling but fortunately it did not undermine her nerve. "Born Free" will be shown with Disney's "Winnie the Pooh" cartoon at the Royal Film Performance on 14 March at the Odeon, Leicester Square. The Show, which the Queen will attend, benefits the Cinematograph Trades Benevolent Fund.

OPENING

JOY IN THE MORNING (A). Hollywood poverty, heartbreak and fine sentiments. The story of a young couple in the first year of marriage at a small, American, mid-Western college in the 1920s. Richard Chamberlain is unconvincing as the dedicated law student and Yvette Mimieux is a somewhat neurotic wife. Not surprisingly, all ends happily. (Dir: Alex Segal. Col. 101 min.) *Empire Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. Opens Th 24 Feb

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN (U). Cinerama travelogue threaded through with a comedy-thriller story. (Denholm Elliott, Peter Laurie, Paul Lucas, Diana Dors. Dir: Jack Cardiff. Col. Cinerama.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. Opens Sat 27 Feb.

WEST END

AGONY & THE ECSTASY (U). Todd-AO spectacular featuring the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and based on Irving Stone's biography of Michelangelo (Charlton Heston). Director Carol Reed has concentrated on visual effect at the expense of being taken seriously. Rex Harrison, as an urbane Pope Julius II, relieves the otherwise all-pervading tedium. (Diane Cilento, Harry Andrews. Col. 139 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5895. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0 (ends 26 Feb)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. But the real heroes are the giant tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton St,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BLINDFOLD (U). This latest addition to the spoof spy cycle involves Rock Hudson as a bewildered psychologist and Claudia Cardinale as the husky-voiced sister of a kidnapped scientist. Brave FBI agents; counterfeit ones; a prolonged chase in Southern swamplands – complete with alligators and a comic mule. Generally enjoyable, except when director Philip Dunne tries to ape Hitchcock on his own ground. (Col. 100 min.) *Leicester Sq Theatre,* WHI 5252. 1.38, 4.6, 6.34, 9.2 (Sat: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.6, 6.34, 9.2 (ends 2 March)

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (X). Does Bunny Lake exist? Preminger applies a rather heavy hand to suspense. A distinguished international cast, including a brilliant sketch of a dotty schoolmarm (Martita Hunt), and an outstanding performance by Carol Lynley. As an exploration of mental derangement it fails lamentably. Nevertheless it is enjoyable and stylish with quite striking photography of the London locations. (Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Noël Coward. 107 min.) *Odeon Leicester Sq.* WHI 6111. 1.40, 4.5, 6.30, 9.0 (Sat: 11.0 pm). Sun: 3.30, 5.58, 8.25

GOLDFINGER (A). Sex, sadism, suspense. Guy Hamilton has perfected the Fleming formula and transformed it into a tongue-in-cheek burlesque. Sean Connery, more than usually whimsical, finds himself shackled to an atom bomb in Fort Knox. Judo-expert Honor Blackman makes an appearance, *and* that Aston Martin. (Shirley Eaton, Gert Frobe. Col. 109 min.)

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis the spoof hero. Blake Edwards' feeblest screenplay, but with a goon sense of the period. (Col. 153 min.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane,* TEM 3161. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.30, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30 (transfers to *Astoria Charing Cross Road,* 27 Feb)

JUDITH (A). Based on the story by Lawrence Durrell, Daniel Mann's film gives Sophia Loren the unlikely role of an Austrian Jewess who, having survived Dachau, comes to Israel to track down her former Nazi husband who betrayed her. Jack Hawkins is a British Major and Peter Finch a kibbutz leader. A hollow, unconvincing piece. (Col. 109 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.30, 3.45, 6.5, 8.25 (Sat: 11.45 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.15, 7.45

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to *8½,* this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Guilietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy One.* GER 2981. 1.45, 3.30, 6.20, 9.15. Sun: 5.40, 8.35. And *Academy Two.* GER 5129. Oxford Street, W1. 12.15, 3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.10, 8.5

THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG (A). Exquisite adaptation of a Chekhov short story by director Yosif Heifitz. It traces the development of a hopeless love affair in the claustrophobic atmosphere of Russian *bourgeois* society at the turn of the century. The lovers are played by Alexei Batalov and Ya Savina with great tenderness and the Chekhovian mood of ambivalence, gaiety and boredom is beautifully evoked. (Ala Chostakova. 90 min.) *Academy Cinema Club,* Oxford Street. GER 8819. 6.0, 8.30. Sat and Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

LIFE AT THE TOP (X). The sequel to *Room at the Top.* Having married the mill-owner's daughter, Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) has settled down to a prosperous, provincial life. Amid a collection of extraordinary stereotypes Jean Simmons gives a splendid performance. Ted Kotcheff's direction is frankly commercial: the sheer dreariness of Joe's existence is never really confronted and it is on this that rests the film's profound lack of feeling. (Honor Blackman, Michael Craig. 117 min.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Av.* GER 5414. 1.34, 3.54, 6.14, 8.39 (Sat: 11.19 pm). Sun: 3.40, 6.9, 8.39

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner & Loewe musical by George Cukor, with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little *too* safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Sq,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.15. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

ONE SPY TOO MANY (A). That man from UNCLE again. This time Napoleon conquers Alexander who, appropriately enough, was aiming to conquer the world. The preposterous gimmickry includes a "will gas," a human chess game and a bottomless pit. All in the out-Bonding-Bond tradition, with Messrs Vaughn and McCallum riding again. Joseph Sergeant directs. (Rip Torn, Dorothy Provine, Leo G Carroll. Col. 101 min.) *Ritz Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. 1.50, 4.10, 6.40, 9.0 (Sat: 11.38 pm). Sun: 3.50, 6.10, 8.40

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint, in pursuit of the criminal conspiracy of Galaxy who seek to control the weather. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.32, 3.58, 6.24, 8.52 (Sat: 11.50 pm). Sun: 3.58, 6.24, 8.50

ROOM AT THE TOP (X). Based on John Braine's novel and directed by Jack Clayton, the film has been hailed as a forerunner of the New Wave in British cinema. It deals with the determined rise to riches of a callow but ambitious young man of humble origins (Laurence Harvey). The raw, bleak quality of the industrial North is strikingly photographed, but this is an illusion of social reality. Seen again, it all looks rather artificial. Simone Signoret gives an outstanding performance. (Heather Sears, Donald Wolfit. 117 min. 1958.) *Prince Charles Theatre,* Leicester Place. GER 8181. 1.50, 4.10, 6.20, 8.45 (Fri and Sat: 11.8 pm). Sun: 1.40, 4.0, 6.15, 8.35

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. Rodgers's tunes relieve, but not redeem it, though it lays claim to a certain cosy charm. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (A). Based on John le Carré's best-seller of the bread-and-butter world of espionage. Martin Ritt's direction, while faithful in a large measure to the book, is at times confusing to the uninitiated. Richard Burton is the resolutely if not desperately down-at-heel Leamas, and Claire Bloom his earnest Communist girl-friend. Worth seeing as a corrective to Bondery, but not such fun. (Oskar Werner. 112 min.) *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 3300. 2.45, 6.0, 8.55. Sun: 3.5, 5.50, 8.35. (No admittance after the film has started)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. The Edwardian scene is strikingly caught in colour, but it is absurdly long. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

Claudia Cardinale in "Blindfold"

Laurence Harvey and Honor Blackman in "Life at the Top"

James Coburn in "Our Man Flint"

Laurence Olivier in "Bunny Lake is Missing"

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. Luciana Paluzzi is the alluring SPECTRE agent and Claudine Auger one of Bond's more memorable conquests. The usually superb sets by Ken Adam, but the formula begins to pall. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus,* W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40 (Sat: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. *Rialto Coventry St,* W1. GER 3488. 12.40, 3.5, 5.40, 8.15. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 7.55

OTHER FILMS

Acton Granada. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun only: Jack the Ripper (X), Flesh and the Fiends (X). Mon: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Acton Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Baker Street Classic. Boys will be Boys (A), Burlesque on Carmen (U). Fri only, 11.15 pm: Eroica (A). Sun: Evergreen (U), Easy Street (U)

Balham Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Balham Ritz. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Bayswater ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun only: Wizard of Bagdad (U), Dancing Masters (U). Mon: One Spy Too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Beckenham ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The

Blackheath ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Bowes Park Ritz. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Brentwood Odeon. Flaming Star (A). Wild in the Country (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Brixton ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Brixton Astoria. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Brixton Classic. Samson in King Solomon's Mines (U). 10 Desperate Men (U). Sun: The Shadow of Zorro (U). Comanche Station (U)

Brixton Granada. Adventures of the Bengal Lancers (U), Arm of Fire (U). Sat only: Wrestling. Sun only: Mix me a Person (X), More Deadly than the Male (X). Mon: Brute Force (A), Naked City (A)

Bromley Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Licensed to Kill (A), The Testament of Dr Mabuse (A)

Camberwell ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A). Flash the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Camberwell Grand. Love in Las Vegas (U), Guns of Wyoming (U). Sun only: No Time to Die (U), Cat Girl (X). Mon: The Reward (A), The Earth Dies Screaming (A)

Camberwell Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Camden Town Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Camden Town Plaza. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun only: Horrors of the Black Museum (X), The Pursuers (A). Mon: One Spy Too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Catford ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. Tabu (X)

Charing Cross Road Jacey. Fanny Hill (X)

Chelsea Classic. Marnie (X). Sun: Les Liaisons Dangereuses (X)

Chelsea Essoldo. Mysterious Island (U), Pirates of Blood River (U). Sun: Mutiny on the Bounty (A)

Chelsea Odeon, Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), David & Lisa (X)

Clapham Granada. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Clapham Junction Imperial. I Bombed Pearl Harbour (U), Apaches Last Battle (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Clapton ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Clapton Kennaghall. Thunderball (A). Sun only: Night of the Demon (X), Homicidal (X). Mon: Pirates of Blood River (U), Mysterious Island (U)

Croydon ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Croydon Classic. Girls, Girls, Girls (U), 30 Years of Fun (U). Sun: The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (U), The Three Caballeros (U)

Croydon Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Crystal Palace Granada. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Dalston Classic. The Caddy (U), The Shadow of Zorro (U). Sun: The Sword of El Cid (U), 30 Years of Fun (U)

Dalston Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Deptford Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. Thomas the Impostor (A), Paris vous parle (X)

Ealing ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Ealing Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Ealing Walpole. Tunderball (A). Sun: The Train (U), Spike Milligan Meets Joe Brown (U)

East Dulwich Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

East Ham Granada. Pirates of Blood River (U), Mysterious Island (U). Sat only: (STAGE) Gene Pitney, Len Barry, etc. Sun only: Fury of Hercules (U), Rebel Gladiators (U). Mon: From Russia with Love (A), Dr No (A)

East Ham Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Edgware Road ABC. One Spy too Many (A) Your Cheatin' Heart (U). Sun: Rasputin—The Mad Monk (X), The Reptile (X)

Edgware Road Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Edmonton Granada. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun only: Homicidal (X), Voodoo Woman (X). Mon: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Edmonton Regal. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Elephant and Castle Theatre. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Essex Road ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Finchley Gaumont. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), David & Lisa (X)

Finchley Rex. Genevieve (U), Doctor in the House (U). Sun: From Russia with Love (A), Dr No (A)

Finsbury Park Astoria. Adventures of Scaramouche (U), Duel at Rio Bravo (U). Sun: House on Haunted Hill (X), Frankenstein 1970 (X)

Forest Gate Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Forest Hill Capitol. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Fulham Road ABC. One Spy Too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U). Sun: Rasputin—The Mad Monk (X), The Reptile (X)

Golders Green ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Golders Green Ionic. The Train (U), Tom Browne's Schooldays (U). Sun: The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (A)

Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. The Naked World of Harrison Marks (A). We're Wrestling Tonight (U)

Hackney ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Hackney Essoldo. Help (U). Sun: Balboa (U), Incognito (U)

Hackney Pavilion. Thunderball (A). Sun: Lawrence of Arabia (A)

Hammersmith ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Hammersmith Broadway. Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (U), King Solomon's Mines (U). Sun only: Circus of Horrors (X), Man on the Prowl (X). Mon: One Spy Too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Hammersmith Odeon. The Ipcress File (A), The Intelligence Men (U). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Hampstead Classic. Cat Ballou (A), Fail Safe (A). Sun: One Spy too Many (A).

Hampstead Everyman. Alexander Nevsky (U). Mon: The Cranes are Flying (U)

Harlesden Coliseum. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun only: Charge of the Black Lancers (U), Gun Duel in Durando (U). Mon: From Russia with Love (A), Dr No (A)

Harlesden Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Punny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Harringay ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Harringay Curzon. Sons of Katie Elder (U). Personal and Confidential (U). Sun only: Corridors of Blood (X), Nights of Rasputin (X). Mon: The Early Bird (U), Man from the Alamo (U)

Mon: The Early Bird (U), Man from the Alamo (U)

Harrow Road Prince of Wales. Massacre at Fort Grant (U), Triumph of the 10 Gladiators (U). Sun only: The Bridge (X), Snake Woman (A). Mon: The Revenge of Frankenstein (X), Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (X)

Haverstock Hill Odeon. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Frustration (X)

Hendon Gala. Boccaccio 70 (U). Sun: Guns at Batasi (A), Thunder Island (U)

Hendon Gaumont. Mutiny on the Bounty (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Hendon Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Frustration (X)

Highams Park Regal. Disorderly Orderly (U). Crack in the World (U). Sun: Sons of Katie Elder (U). Personal and Confidential (U)

Highgate Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Holloway ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Holloway Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Islington Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Islington Rex. Von Ryan's Express (U), Counterfeit (U). Sun only: Greek Film Club. Mon: Divorce – Italian Style (X), Apache Rifle (U)

Kensal Rise Palace. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Kentish Town ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Kilburn Classic. Room Service (U), Topkapi (U). Sun: Fellini's 8½ (A), The Savage Eye (X)

Kilburn Essoldo. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Kilburn State. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Kingsbury Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

King's Cross Century. Carry on Nurse (U), The Dam Busters (U). Sun only: The Thousand Eyes of Dr Mabuse (A), Hell on Devil's Island (A). Mon: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Lewisham Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Lewisham Rex. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Magnificent 7 (U), Up the Creek (U)

Leyton ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Leyton Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A).

Leytonstone Rialto. Thunderball (A). Sun: only: Beat Girl (X), Grip of the Strangler (X). Mon: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Manor Park Coronation. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Marble Arch Gala Royal. Batman (U)

Marble Arch Jacey. Fanny Hill (X), Paris in the Raw (X)

Mile End Road ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Mile End Road Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Morden Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Muswell Hill ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Muswell Hill Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), David & Lisa (X)

Neasden Ritz. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Notting Hill Classic. The Hustler (X). Fri only, 11.15 pm: The Mill on the Floss (A). Sun: Charade (A)

Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. Warrior and the Slave Girl (U), The Rugged Land (U). Sun only The Ring (A), Hell's Crossroads (A). Mon: Two Rode Ttogether (A), Rumble on the Docks (A)

Old Kent Road ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Old Kent Road Astoria. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Oxford Street Cinephone. Men and Women (X)

Paddington Essoldo. Desert Legion (U), Taza, Son of Cochise (U). Sun only: The Last Posse (U), Quatermass Experiment (X). Mon: The Red Beret (U), Apache Territory (U)

Palmers Green Queen's Hall. Thunderball (A)

Park Royal Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Peckham Odeon. The Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Penge Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Piccadilly Jacey. The Gentle Art of Seduction (X)

Poplar Essoldo. Thunderball (A). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Praed Street Classic. White Feather (U). Days of Thrills and Laughter (U). Sun: Goliath and the Vampires (X), Swords of Blood (A)

Putney ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Putney Globe. Early Bird (U), Abbott and Costello meet the Keystone Cops (U). Sun Une Femme Mariée (X), She Got What She Asked For (X)

Putney Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Queensbury Essoldo. Heroes of Telemark (U). Sun: House on Haunted Hill (X), Frankenstein 1970 (X)

Raynes Park Rialto. Rotten to the Core (A), San Ferry Ann (U). Sun: King Rat (A)

Richmond ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Richmond Gaumont. The Train (U). The

Richmond Gaumont. The Train (U). The Little Ones (A). Sun: Une Femme Marée

Richmond Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

St Pancras Tolmer. She (U), Who was Maddox (U). Sun only: The Story of David (U), The Phantom Stagecoach (U). Mon: To Trap a Spy (A), Young Fury (A)

Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Shepherd's Bush Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

South Norwood Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Southfields Plaza. Help (U), Sergeants Three (U). Sun only: X the Unknown (X), The Accomplices (X). Mon: The Dam Busters (U), Carry on Constable (U)

Southgate Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Stamford Hill Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Stepney Essoldo. Battle of the Coral Sea (U), Buchanan Rides Alone (U). Sun only: Young Have No Morals (X), Kiss of Death (A). Mon: House of Dracula (X), The Birds (X)

Stepney Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun only: Horrors of the Black Museum (X), Circus of Horrors (X). Mon only: Teenage Frankenstein (X), The Screaming Skull (X). Tues only: Phantom from 10,000 Leagues (X), The Brain Eaters (X). Wed only: Demons of the Swamp (X), Where Has Poor Mickey Gone? (X)

Stockwell Classic. McLintock (U). Days of Thrills and Laughter (U). Sun: Jason and the Golden Fleece (U), Wings of the Hawk (U)

Stoke Newington ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Stoke Newington Coliseum. Kingdom of Violence (A), The Chequered Flag (A). Sun: Dracula (X), Bride of Dracula (X)

Stratford ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Streatham ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X) .

Streatham Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Licensed to Kill (A), The Testament of Dr Mabuse (A)

Swiss Cottage Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun, Tues, Wed: Thunderball (A). Mon only: The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Sydenham Granada. Help (U), Kings of the Sun (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Temple Fortune Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X)

Thornton Heath Granada. West Side Story (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Tooting ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Tooting Astoria. Love in Las Vegas (U), Guns of Wyoming (U). Sun: The Glory Guys (A), Heroes Island (A)

Tooting Bec Classic. One Good Turn (U), Gunlight at Comanche Creek (U). Sun: Dracula (X), The Mummy (X)

Tooting Granada. Help (U), Sergeants Three (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Tottenham Court Road Berkeley. Secret Paris (X)

Tottenham Court Road Continentale. My Home is Copacabana (U), Last Year in Marienbad (U)

Tottenham Florida. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Upton Park ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Victoria Biograph. The Pumpkin Eater (X), Night Holds Terror (A). Sun only: Cry for Happy (A), The Warrior and the Slave Girl (U). Mon: World Ten Times Over (X), My Blood Runs Cold (A)

Victoria Cameo. The Seventh Dawn (A). Sun: Topkapi (U)

Walham Green ABC. Thunderball (A). Sun only: Seddok (X), Frantic (X). Mon: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Walthamstow Granada. Thunderball (A)

Wandsworth Road Granada. It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, World (U). Sun and Tues: Thunderball (A). Mon and Wed Birgo

Waterloo Station Classic. Cowboy (U). Sun: Stowaway (U)

Well Hall Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Westbourne Grove Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

Whalebone Lane Odeon. Summer Holiday (U), The Rebel (U). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Wimbledon ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Wimbledon Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Wood Green Odeon. Thunderball (A). Sun: Bunny Lake is Missing (X), Arizona Raiders (A)

CLUBS

National Film Theatre, Waterloo Bridge, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232). **No Smoking. All foreign films sub-titled or with earphone commentary**

1h 24 Feb: The Southerner, 6.15; Jazz Programme 1 (7s 6d only) 8.30. F 25 Feb: The Diary of a Chambermaid, 6.15, 8.30. Sat 26 Feb: The Diary of a Chambermaid, 4.0, 6.15, 8.30. Sun 27 Feb: The Sleeping Tiger, 4.0, 6.15, 8.30. M 28 Feb: Brief Encounter, 6.15, 8.30. T 1 Mar: The Sleeping Tiger, 6.15, 8.30. W 2 Mar: The Woman on the Beach, 6.15, 8.30.

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Sq. W1 (MAY 7777). Th 24 Feb, 3 days: The Young Lions, Th and F: 9.30, Sat: 7.15, 10.30. Sun 27 Feb, 4 days: Murder Most Foul, 8.0, 10.30. Sun: 8.30

MUSIC

No curse from the tomb has so far descended on Deryck Cooke, the Leicester-born musicologist who had the temerity, or imagination, according to viewpoint, to complete Gustav Mahler's last work, the unfinished Tenth Symphony. On the contrary, critical reaction has been favourable, even ecstatic; Mahler's widow, Alma, gave the project her blessing before she died last year; the score has had nine performances in Europe and America, and a recording by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra will shortly be available here. Next Wednesday a Festival Hall audience will hear the second British performance.

Cooke, a genial, down-to-earth man with a passion for cricket, not a bit like most people's ideas of a musicologist, is guardedly happy. "I had my doubts at first, plenty of them," he says, "What I have done can only be one view, if you like, of Mahler's Tenth. But more and more I am convinced that it does add up." Only the Austrian Mahler Society remain obdurately against Cooke's "full-length performing version." Perhaps they're furious that a mere Englishman got in first.

Cooke's achievement, a major piece of 20th-century musical reconstruction, involved a combination of know-how, dedication, and sheer Sherlock Holmes stuff. Mahler (1860-1911) left several hundred pages of "short score" (four staves bearing the melodic line, bass, and some harmony, with sporadic indications of instrumentation), plus some fully orchestrated sections. Cooke, compiling a Mahler centenary pamphlet for the BBC, became more and more fascinated by the fragments. First he orchestrated isolated chunks, enough for a radio talk; then he found himself completing the whole of the first, third, and fifth movements; finally the entire 70-minute work was in playable form.

You'd get a line with no instrument marking, but you'd *know* that was the way Mahler wrote for horns, or violins, or whatever. In the Scherzo the tune comes back without any dynamic indication, but marked for four horns, in unison; that *must* be a big, loud *tutti*. The first movement has a violin tune over string and trombone chords, new for Mahler: I used the same scoring in the finale."

Eventually Cooke – who is now back with the BBC, after six years as freelance – plans to publish the score. He is even beginning to collect some royalties for his labour of love, which, he estimates, occupied a year of working time.

richard last

Motley's designs for Rudolph and Mimi in the Sadler's Wells Opera production of Puccini's "La Boheme," to be presented on 2 March.

CONCERTS

Thurs 24 Feb
Royal Festival Hall, Belvedere Rd, SE1 (WAT 3191). Works by Brahms, Schumann, Elgar. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Martha Argerich (piano). 8.0

Fri 25 Feb
Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 8212). *News of the World* Old Time Ball of the Year. Butlin National Amateur Veleta Trophy and Butlin Royal Albert Hall Old Time Formation Trophy. 6.45 to midnight
Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). Folk in Concert: Odetta, Ian and Sylvia, The Ian Campbell Group, The Settlers, etc. 7.45

Sat 26 Feb
Royal Festival Hall. Works by Beethoven, Bartok, Kodaly, Brahms. Conductor: Janos Ferencsik. Hungarian State Symphony Orchestra. 8.0
Royal Albert Hall. *News of the World* Modern and Latin American Ball of the Year. Modern and Latin Novice, Dancing Stars of Tomorrow and Butlin Royal Albert Hall Formation Trophies. 6.45 to midnight

Sun 27 Feb
Royal Festival Hall. Works by Tippett, Banks, Stravinsky. Conductor: Colin Davis. London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist: Barry Tuckwell (horn). 7.30
Royal Albert Hall. An Evening with Tchaikovsky. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Band of the Coldstream Guards. Conductor: Fistoulari. Soloists: Alexander Uninsky, Hyman Bress. 7.30

Mon 28 Feb
Odeon, Swiss Cottage (PRI 3424). Works by Casella, Strauss, Falla, Ravel. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Alexander Jenner (piano). 8.0

Tues 1 Mar
Royal Festival Hall. Works by Brahms, Mozart, Lutoslawski. Conductor: Paul Kletzki. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Henryk Szeryng (violin). 8.0

Wed 2 Mar
Royal Festival Hall. Works by Mozart, Mahler. BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor and Soloist: Walter Susskind (piano). 8.0

RECITALS

Thurs 24 Feb
German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, SW7 (KEN 3648). Works by Bach, Hoffmeister, Hässler, Call. Ingo Gronefeld (flute), Monica von Saalfeld (piano). 8.0
Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 7981). Fauré, Debussy, Milhaud, Damase. Wigmore Wind Ensemble. Soloists: William Pleeth, Margaret Good. 6.30

Fri 25 Feb
Wigmore Hall. Die Winterreise, Schubert. Derek Hammond Stroud (baritone), Gerald Moore (piano). 7.30

Sat 26 Feb
Wigmore Hall. Works by Haydn, Schoenberg, Schumann, Prokofiev, Debussy. Martha Bongiorno (piano). 3.0. Jeanette Haien (piano). 7.30

Sun 27 Feb
Royal Festival Hall, Belvedere Rd, SE1 (WAT 3191). Works by Bach-Busoni, Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Ravel, Granados, Albeniz. Joaquin Achucarro (piano). 3.0
Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 8032). Works by Mendelssohn, Shostakovich, Raff, Bach. Amici and Martin String Quartets. 6.30

Mon 28 Feb
Wigmore Hall. Works by Fauré, David Wynne, Purcell, Schubert, Brahms, Chopin, Beethoven, Bartok. Janet Price (soprano), Geoffrey Pratley (piano), Frances Holmes (solo piano). 7.30
Royal Festival Hall. Works by Schubert and Brahms. Irmgard Seefried (soprano), Helen Watts (contralto), Robert Tear (tenor), Thomas Hemsley (baritone), Gerald Moore and Erik Werba (pianos). 8.0

Tues 1 Mar
Bishopsgate Hall, EC2 (BIS 2254). Penelope Lynex (cello), Peter Croser (piano). 1.5
St Pancras Church, Euston Rd, NW1. Works by Sylvius Leopold Weiss, Daniell Batchelar, Scarlatti, Bach, Paganini, Ponce, De Falla. John Williams (guitar). 1.0

Wed 2 Mar
Wigmore Hall. Works by Stamitz, Mozart, Britten, Will Eisma, Boccherini. Netherlands Oboe Quartet. 7.30
Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Works by Liszt. Rhondda Gillespie (piano), Heather Harper (soprano), Sian Phillips (reciter), Tessa Robbins (violin). 7.30

OPERA

Thurs 24 Feb
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. WC2 (COV 1066). Madame Hall Old Time Foundation Trophy. Butterfly, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Balkwill. 7.30
Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Av, EC1 (TER 1672). Orpheus in the Underworld, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. (Last performance.) 7.30

Fri 25 Feb
Royal Opera House. Parsifal, Wagner (in German). Conductor: Kempe. (Revival.) 6.0
Sadler's Wells. The Thieving Magpie, Rossini. Conductor: Balkwill. (Last performance.) 7.30

Sat 26 Feb
Sadler's Wells. L'Enfant et les Sortilèges, Ravel; L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Conductors: Matheson, Brydon. (Last performance.) 7.30

Tues 1 Mar
Camden Town Hall. Euston Rd, NW1. Maria Stuarda, Donizetti. Conductor: Gerald Gover. 7.30

Wed 2 Mar
Royal Opera House. Parsifal, Wagner (in German). Conductor: Kempe. 6.0
Sadler's Wells. La Boheme, Puccini. Conductor: Bernadi. 7.30

BALLET

Sat 26 Feb
Royal Opera House. La Fille Mal Gardél. Herold/Ashton. Conductor: Young. Principals: Page, Gable. 2.15. Brandenberg Nos 2 and 4, Bach/Cranko; Card Game, Stravinsky / Cranko; Antigone, Theodorakis/Cranko. Conductors: Lanchbery, Young. 7.30

Mon 28 Feb
Royal Opera House. Giselle, Adam Coralli and Perrot. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30

Tues 1 Mar
Royal Opera House. Napoli Divertissement, Helsted and Paulli/Bournonville; Flower Festival at Genzano, Helsted/Bournonville; Monotones, Satie/Ashton; Card Game, Stravinsky/Cranko; Serenade, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine. Conductor: Lanchbery. 7.30

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Jann Howarth (Robert Fraser). 2 Bonnard (Royal Academy). 3 Joe Tilson (New London). 4 Trova (Hanover). 5 Recent Acquisitions (National Portrait Gallery)

Selection, guidance and cries of "don't miss it!" are all very well in reviewing the London art scene but I am well aware that there are physical as well as aesthetic factors to be taken into account. Stamina counts for as much as enthusiasm.

Sickert recommended that either one visited a gallery for two hours or drove past in a cab. Perhaps in those days one could see more through the windows as one passed, but basically he had the right idea.

Starting where it matters a lot – the feet. The central heating and the floors of our major galleries have a peculiarly wearing effect; either they are soft and absorbent and sap one's energy (much as the Wembley turf is reputed to undermine footballers) or they are hard and slippery. Stiletto heels are inadvisable in the latter and destructive in the former. Two thicknesses of nylon stretch socks and flat heels are the best wear. If you are joining the Bond Street/Carnaby Street Saturday morning parade you must choose between comfort and fashion. Saturday morning is also the time to see the artists as well as the pictures.

Secondly, the stomach. Eat, or at least drink before you set out; it will take you much longer than you think. Don't use a car. Even at the Tate you will be lucky to park within quarter of a mile.

Once inside a big exhibition, proceed *anti-clockwise*. With a show like the Bonnard at the Royal Academy there is too much to take in at one go anyway and the later pictures are more exciting than the earlier. More important for actually getting a clear view of them is the subtle physical insinuation of your progress. You are moving along with your left shoulder in towards the left side of the next painting; people going the right way round are drifting along with their right shoulders out: assuming you are on collision course and parallel to the picture-plane, the instinctive movement is for them to pass behind you. They think they are overtaking you.

There are no special times of day to recommend, beyond going early. This leaves out, of course, the Private View. This is something we do better than the French. In Paris, the larger part of the crowd estimate whether or not the rest have been drinking in the little back room. "Nobody" goes to the exhibition after the second day. In London, people visit the show during the length of its run and the Private View, once decided on, is gregarious, generous and friendly, one of the best ways of meeting people and exchanging truths – but not confidences.

keith sutton

OPENING

M Baldwin, V Newsome. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Recent sculptures and drawings. 1-25 March. Daily 10-6

Ben Uri Gallery, 21 Dean Street, W1. GER 2852. 50th Anniversary Exhibititon: mostly recent work from British and Continental artists who have shown at gallery, including Chagal, Zadkin, Kikoine, Herman, Auerbach, Blow and Rogers. 1-29 March. M-Th 10-5, F 10-3, Sun 2.30-6

Robert Costelloe, Cyril Mann, Roger Warren. Alwin, 56 Brook Street, W1. MAY 1811. Costelloe – recent ceramics: Mann and Warren – recent oil paintings. 2-29 March. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

Anthony Green. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second one-man exhibition; recent oil paintings on board, quite large narrative figurative works in which himself and family appear. 4-24 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Patrick Hall, Larry Bigelow, Rosemary Hebden. Marjorie Parr Gallery, 285 King's Road, SW3. FLA 0768. Hall and Bigleow – watercolour landscapes: Hebden – Abstract oil paintings and monoprints. 2-26 March. Daily 9.30-5.30

Henry Hayden. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent gouaches. 1-26 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Jansem. Lefevre, 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. French artist's recent oil paintings of nudes and still life; some very large, others very small. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Mixed show of small American paintings. 4-26 March. M-F 10-5. Sat 10-1

Trento Longaretti Virgilio Ciminaghi. Artist's Own, 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG 8308. Recent paintings and sculpture. 2-15 March. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

O'Hana, 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Paintings from stock. Through March. M-F 9-6, Sat 9.30-1

Dora Prower. John Whibley, 60 George Street, W1. WEL 5651. Paintings, oil on canvas, of hill towns in Italy and Greece. 1-19 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Alan Reynolds and Kupka. Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Recent paintings and gouaches. 2-25 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Laurence Scarfe. Curwen, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. New Lithographs. 2 March-2 April. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

Tovin, Brown, Wingate, Woodstock, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Three women artists showing recent paintings. Until 19 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Trova. Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Recent sculptures, series based on Falling Man. 1 March-1 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

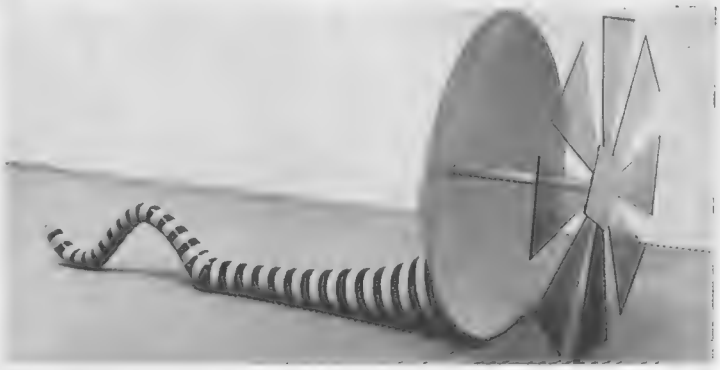
Robert Walls. Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Second one-man exhibition, recent oils of landscapes, portraits and still life. 2-19 March. Daily 10-6

CURRENT SHOWS

Norman Adams, Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. Recent paintings, small watercolours and large oils inspired by Scottish lochs and lakes. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Joe Tilson, Marlborough New London

Joe Tilson, Marlborough New London



Wendy Taylor, Kasmin

Agnew, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. 93rd Annual Watercolour Exhibition: English drawings and watercolours of 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Until 5 March. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Women's International Art Club. Until 3 March. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

Alenanro and Villalba. Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Young Spanish figurative artists: Alexanco; graphics – mainly silkscreen Villalba; football players in gesso relief medium. Until 28 Feb. Daily 10-6

Axiom Gallery, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. First exhibition of new gallery; artists and work suggest a style of cool optical response, paintings, constructions and sculpture. Present show includes John Ernest, Michael Kidner and Malcolm Hughes. Until 12 March. Daily 10-6, Sat 10-1

Ernest Benkert, Francis Hewitt, Edwin Mieczkowski. ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. "Anonima" Group of New York, three American artists showing recent paintings. Library: **Miralda** – drawings by Spanish artist. Both shows until 19 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

André Bicat and Charles Keene. Leicester, 4 Audley Square, South Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Bicat; recent oil paintings and watercolours of Tuscany. Keene; drawings, including subjects and studies for *Punch* jokes etc. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Sandra Blow. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Recent paintings, first exhibition in London for three or four years. Eleven large paintings, up to 54 by 96 in. and number of small oils on paper. Until 5 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Bonnard, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7981. Major retrospective exhibition. Until Sun 6 March. M-Sat 10-6, Wed 10-8, Sun 10-6. Adm. 10s. Sun 5s, season ticket £1

British Museum, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. Masterpieces of the Print Room – if it were a visiting exhibition there would be queues. State of Asia on eve of European invasion. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

Alfred Brod, 36 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7883. Exhibition of Old Master Paintings. Until 5 March. Daily 10-5.30

Paul Delvaux, Frederico Moroni. Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Delvaux; Surrealist drawings. Moroni; figurative drawings. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Reliefs, sculpture, cotta and bronze reliefs: Kennett – paintings, collages. Koenig – terracotta and bronze reliefs: Kennett abstract bronze sculpture; Dolenec –paintings on glass; Lorri – collage paintings. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

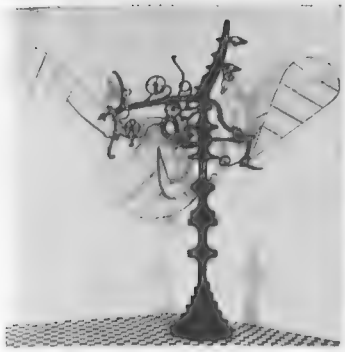
Hamilton, 8 St George Street, Hanover Square, W1. HYD 3196. Sculpture and sculptors drawings; house artists and some new ones. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Jann Howarth. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. First one-man show of brilliant young American artist, trained at Slade; a world of her own, made from kapok, peopled by disturbingly familiar familiars. (See *London Life*, 12 Feb.) Until 19 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 11-1

Brian Kneale, Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of sculptures and paintings. Until 3 March. M-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

Maas Gallery, 15a Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W1. REG 2302. Early English water colours. Special exhibition including works by J Devoto, Inigo Jones, P Sandby, T Rowlandson, J Constable, J Martin, D Cox and E Lear. Until 18 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. "Contrasts 7," Soutine, Segonzac to Steele, Mack, Fontana, etc. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1



Sandra Blow, New Art Centre

Colin Lamcely, Marlborough New London

Gaston Prunier and **Henry Somm**, Anthony D'Offay, 6 Vigo Street, W.1. REG 5568. Drawings. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Ron Robertson-Swann, Wendy Taylor, Yecheskiel Yardeni, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. First showing of three new sculptors. Through Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Jon Tilson, Colin Lanceley, Marlborough New London, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Tilson; Columns, ziggurats, reliefs in wood, metals and paints; recent developments of familiar and fresh imagery. Lanceley; first showing of wooden painted sculptures of Alice in Wonderland-like fantasy. Until 12 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

Tate's, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6711. British Painting 1900-1950. Artists include Mathew Smith, Augustus John, Stanley Spencer, Sickert and Innes. Until 12 March. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. Recent acquisitions and pictures rehung after cleaning include Cézanne's *Bathers* and Uccello's *Rout of San Romano*. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm. free

Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444 Permanent collection of British paintings and sculpture and Foreign modern art. Recent acquisitions include B Cohen, Paul Jenkins, Dubuffet and a Thomas Erma. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6

Victoria & Albert Museum, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Raphael: Special exhibition of restored and cleaned cartoons; also Victorian Book Illustration exhibition in Galleries 70-74. All galleries open free daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

SALEROOMS

FRI 25 FEB

Pictures by Old Masters from the Northwick Park Collection of the late Capt Edward Spencer-Churchill at Christie's. 11 am. The total sum realised from Christie's sales of art works from Northwick Park now stands at over £2,076,000 – it's a pity the tax man will be getting the greatest share. This sale includes some fine portraits, Dutch seascapes and some extremely attractive still life of fruit, flowers and exotic birds

Rugs and carpets, clocks, English and Continental furniture at Sotheby's. 10.30 am

Antique furniture, rugs and carpets, objects of art at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

Antique and modern furniture, household effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's Marylebone auction-rooms

MON 28 FEB

Fine French glass paperweights at Sotheby's. 11 am. The popularity of these glittering blobs of glass increases daily – and so it seems does their price. It is quite possible that a weight you might have picked up for a fiver 10 years ago is now selling for around £100

Icons and objects of *vertu* at Sotheby's. 11 am. Icon collecting is, in my experience, one of the thorniest roads in the art business. Dealers labelling other dealers' icons fakes and arguing over the existence and non-existence of a certain saint or a certain Russian village in the dark ages. One needs the full assistance of the British Museum before being really certain of what one has purchased

Fine bindings and valuable printed books at Sotheby's. 11 am. This includes books bound for Madame de Pompadour during the 18th century and two very important books belonging to the Newberry Library, Chicago, bound for the greatest and earliest bibliophile, Jean Grolier, during the 15th century

Fine English porcelain, Wedgwood and English pottery at Christie's. 11 am. Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

TUES 1 MARCH

Valuable Continental books, autographed letters and historical documents at Sotheby's. 11 am. Under this tantalising heading Sotheby's are selling two revealing letters written by the Marquis de Sade and for the sake of all you students in the erotica section of the British Museum they have combined psychiatry with French translation – the first letter was probably written in the asylum at Charenton. They have marked certain phrases "perverse" others "refer to an orgy" and with Sotheby's reserve they conclude that "Sade's outraged horror, and defence of *'les libertés de l'église'* must surely be ironical."

Coins and medals at Christie's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art, Eastern rugs and carpets at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Household furniture at Coe's. 10 am

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am

WED 2 MARCH

Old English and foreign silver at Christie's. 11 am

18th- and 19th-century drawings and paintings at Sotheby's. 11 am

Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

Carpets and rugs at Bonham's. 11 am

Antique furniture at Coe's. 10 am

Oil paintings at Coe's. 2.30 pm

THURS 3 MAR

English and Continental furniture, objects of art and *vertu* at Christie's. 11 am

English and foreign silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am

Fine sporting guns and fishing tackle at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

Important paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am

Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am

Wholesale stock of stamps for sale at Harmer Rooke's. 11 am and 2 pm. In this sale lot 250 is described as "a gigantic All-World accumulation of stamps in a large cardboard box." In the box are over one million stamps. At around £100 this is an ideal present for anybody's godson – one million stamps would keep him quiet for years

A good St Louis fuchsia paperweight that may realise between £100 and £150 (Sotheby's, 28 Feb.)

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street. SW7 (KNI 9161) – three days before sale

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – three days before sale

Coe & Sons, South Kensington Auction Rooms, 79 Old Brompton Road, SW7 (KEN 2422) – one day before sale

Knight, Frank & Rutley, 20 Hanover Square, W1 (MAY 8171) – two days before sale

Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – three days before sale

Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – two days before sale

Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – two days before sale

Sotheby & Co., 24 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) two days before sale

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RESTAURANTS

Mr Nicholas Tarayan, founder of the Omar Khayyam.

WRITERS ON RESTAURANTS
The Omar Khayyam by William Sansom

As one grows younger, older pleasures bloom anew – "Mum's Apple Pie" begins to taste better than a flaming old *crêpe suzette*, steak-and-kidney pud melts happier in the mouth than any pressed duck. I find I am thus reverted. And now there has come a further stage – a youthful despair at sitting again and again in the same place in my usual and quite good restaurant Isn't there somewhere a little different? Something new to do? Am I a hall of revolving mirrors? Must I bite the ultimate Dust chasing my tail round the same old round?

Dust! *Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie/Sans Wine, sans Song* . . . a couplet from the Rubáiyát beckons the unquiet Sansom, and off he hops it to the restaurant Omar Khayyam, situated nicely where East and West End meet, Cannon Street, and where to begin with there is plenty of that supreme salve for contemporary nerve-bud, PARKING.

So Motor is happy, and we pass from the evening streets of an empty City with unrattled digestive juices: pass through a glass door into the warm turquoise rooms of Persia, EC2, into an immediate sense of Isfahan. An arched booth further in houses a long tiled charcoal grill and spits; you may watch the cooking. And over all there is that discreet, supple-leather feeling of Oriental softness, as if everyone is walking about in bedroom slippers.

Downstairs to the bar. Comfortable. Hung with scimitars, and with a long *diwán* against one wall. It is nice on the carpets to watch white-collared gentlemen of the City smoking their hubble-bubbles. Shades of the shady Cigar Divans of Victorian London! But all is orderly here, as is the *arak*, a white grape-absinth made at Ksara in the Lebanon by Jesuit Fathers.

Silver and turquoise

Upstairs to dine. Silvery-sand-coloured patterned tablecloth against the turquoise walls. The *mezzehs* arrive – purée of aubergine and sesame oil, mussels stuffed with pine nuts and fruit, a salad of sheep's brains, red caviar mortared with yolk of egg, mushroom with mint and yoghourt, cabbage and vine leaves stuffed variously, ditto puff pastry, and so on and on.

For aperitif, perhaps, a glass of Egyptian white wine from the Niley vineyards of the Greek Gianaclis? These are the same vineyards which served the Roman army of the Nile delta. The wine is yellow, sweetish. It will precede the red Ksara, of a joyful light Burgundian taste, which comes with the *yogurtlu kebab*, now arrived. Your plate is brimful with what looks like a yellow-white splodge of milk pudding with shavings of weathered wood floating about in it. It costs 19s 6d and is delicious. The shavings are razor-thin slices of spiced lamb carved from the vertical spit. This meat has been placed on a bed of thick home-made yoghourt, itself bedded on a bed of bread. The whole is drenched with melted butter. All confuse together well, excellent taste and texture. One bad mark for a silly little tomato put on top.

Next the kiss-shaped *bakhlava* (and a glass of walnut wine?) and a red-hot cup of what the menu says is Turkish coffee but what the Armenian regent proprietor, Mr Tarayan, proudly affirms to be Armenian – like the Armagnac-like brandy with a Russian label he brings with him. Mr Tarayan designed the Omar Khayyam personally in premises once a curved-windowed Slater's; and opened it all in 1961. This year he plans a month's celebration of each of 12 Middle-Eastern countries: a Moroccan March, a Tunisian April and so on – even a Kuwait month – with dancers and singers and even furniture moved in from these countries.

The dancers

By now the belly dancers have begun. To twainish East-West music they twine. Salutary, perhaps, to watch flesh as you eat it. Specially notable is the involved dimpling of the back, fierce horizontal frowning. Esoterically, the movements are best when there is more fat about the person than Western Man usually likes. These Moroccans are slim, beautiful, adept, influenced by the international demands of Tangier.

Then comes a pretty Turkish contralto. And then the star turn, a Persian maestro of the *santour*, father of cymbalon and zither. His delicate drumsticks feather the air like whirring moths' wings, the sound is dulcimer-sweet – though it may turn out to be James Bond theme-music. Much applause. And then more belly. It is all very lulling, very pleasant. From 6 pm till 2 am. Cabaret at 9.30 pm and midnight. Luncheon, midday till 3 pm.

The cost? *Mezzehs* 12s 6d, *kebab* average 19s 6d, *dilber dudagi* (*bakhlava*-lips) 4s 6d. Wines 37s 6d a bottle, *eau de noix* 8s a double. Cover charge 5s, service charge 10 per cent. If you want to go European, you can – smoked salmon at 10s 6d, charcoal-grilled sole 12s 6d, *entrecôte* steak 13s 6d and so on to vodka and Benedictine pancakes with ice cream at 9s 6d. Wines upwards from a Macon Blanc at 22s 6d.

Not cheap, but good value for money. And there's a happy atmosphere. And PARKING. Like the restaurant's initials, OK.

Selective guide compiled by Neil Rhind, Editorial Manager of the Good Food Club. This week the selection is international.
CS – Closed Sundays.

TOP TEN

CHINESE

Chinese Lantern, 4 Thackeray Street, W8 (**WES 4981** and **GIB 3431** in the morning). Dinner only, 6.30-midnight. Closed Chinese New Year. This tiny eating house recreates a Festival Dinner in a Chinese home and is as much a sense of occasion as a dinner out. There is no choice and the meal which will be brought to you by the Chinese waitress will go as follows: a soup cooked on your table in little charcoal burners, a series of small dishes of pork, scampi and chicken with the usual bean sprouts, rice and noodles, then a meat savoury in paper, and afterwards lychees. All the time there is as much green tea as you want. This will cost about 26s including tea, and, of course, you must book. Don't go too often as the menu doesn't change very frequently. Take your own wine, if you must

ENGLISH

Stone's Chop House, Panton Street, SW1 (**WHI 0037**). Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-12. CS. This is from the same stable as Simpson's-in-the-Strand and is similarly a traditional English restaurant, though it has less atmosphere because the building was put up only in 1963. Roasts (beef 14s, mutton 12s 6d) from the trolley, steak and kidney pudding (10s 6d) and various grills (12s 6d-16s), can provide a not too expensive lunch. Wine list better than Simpson's; carafes from 15s, by the glass 3s to 8s (Ch. d'Yquem); Bass on draught

FRENCH

Mon Plaisir, 21 Monmouth Street, WC2 (**TEM 7243**). No lunches. Dinner 6-10.30. This very popular place looks like a Paris bistro, and just like a Paris bistro serves good French bourgeois food. You must book and you must not be late in claiming your table or you may be turned away. The *plat du jour* (about 12s 6d) is worth trying, though the *entrecôte Mon Plaisir* (13s), *boeuf Bourguignonne* (11s 6d) and the *rognons de veau Madère* deserve investigation. Beer and wine licence; wine in carafes for 13s, 6s 6d the half

HUNGARIAN

Gay Hussar, 2 Greek Street, W1 (**GER 0973**). Lunch 12.30-2.30, dinner 6.30-11. CS. According to some expatriates, this is the most authentic Hungarian restaurant we have in London, even though the menu has dishes from other parts of Central and Eastern Europe. The Hungarian *hors d'oeuvre* (6s 6d), Bulgarian mixed salad (4s 6d), the various pancakes (about 10s 6d) and the pork chops with green peppers and cream should make a change from scampi and fillet steak. There is a very good value 10s 6d *table d'hôte* lunch. Wines by the carafe 12s 6d; glass 3s

INDIAN

Light of India, 59 Park Road, NW1 (**PAD 6753**). Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-12. Someone once estimated that there were more than 300 Indian restaurants in London alone. Precious few of them have any individuality, but

this friendly place is one of that few. The curries range from mild (chicken and mutton *pulaos* for 10s 6d and 9s 6d respectively) through medium (*rhogan* 6s 6d) to the ferocious Bangalore *phal* mutton or chicken (6s 6d and 7s 6d)

INTERNATIONAL

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W1 **(GRO 7070).** Lunch 12.30-3 (Sunday 12.30-2.30), dinner 6.30-11. The restaurant in this large hotel has been described as a "thoroughly civilised place to dine. It's thoroughly civilised at lunchtime as well, the menu is well balanced, the service impressive, the wine list long and interesting and nearly all the bottles cost more than 20s. A daily luncheon dish is usually British but it is for the specialities (which have to be ordered in advance) that the Connaught is really famous: *cassolette de quenelles médaillon de veau Lucullus, suprême de volaille Carlos.* The *tables d'hôte* are from 30s, and main dishes *à la carte* from 15s upwards. If you are feeling mean, there are carafe wines from 16s 6d
Savoy Hotel, Strand and Victoria Embankment, WC2 **(TEM 4343).** Meals served until 3 am in Restaurant; 1 am in Grill Room. Internationally famous, with an international menu, impeccable service and international prices – no list of top London restaurants would be complete without the Savoy. There are *tables d'hôte* (about 30s for lunch, 50s for dinner) in the restaurant; the Grill Room is all *à la carte* with main dishes not often below, and quite often above, 20s. Wines happily less dear; carafes 15s; Ch. d'Yquem by the glass 8s

SPANISH

Martinez Spanish Restaurant, 25 Swallow Street, W1 **(REG 5066** and 1921). Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-midnight. The Martinez is possibly one of the most authentic Spanish restaurants in London, and some dedicated lovers of Spain think the decor is as realistic as the food. It is sensible to eat the Iberian specialities: *paella Valenciana* (6s 6d), cold *gazpacho* (4s), inkfish in their own ink (8s 6d). Long list of sherries from 3s 6d, and Spanish wines from 16s: in carafes for 1 s 6d, by the glass 3s

FISH

Sweeting's, 39 Queen Victoria Street, EC2 **(CIT 3062).** Lunch only 11.30-3. Closed Sat and Sun. Sweeting's is now more than 100 years old, and the manager claims that his staff have been there almost as long. It is, of course, one of the best places in the City for sea food; smoked cod roe (4s), soused herring (6s), real turtle soup (6s 6d); fish pie (9s 6d), grilled herrings in mustard sauce (6s 6d), fresh salmon fishcakes (9s 6d). There are a few meaty things if you don't want fish. White wines on a help-yourself basis at 3s 6d the glass; champagne (7s 6d), Black Velvet (8s 6d). Bookings taken only for before 1 pm or after 1.30 pm

WINE

St. George's Hotel, Langham Place, W1. **(LAN 0111).** Lunch 12.30-3, dinner 6.30-11.30. The St George's Hotel is a Trust House – bigger and more opulent than the sort of place this name normally conjures up, but still a Trust House, with fixed-price menus, the 10 per cent obligatory gratuity – no tipping beyond that – and one of the most reliable wine lists to be found in any chain of hotels in this country. The company policy of offering decent drinks at sensible prices, even in the West End, is to be applauded. There are French red, white and rosé wines in carafes at 15s, and a hock at 17s 6d, and ordinaires from 16s. The better wines as modestly priced: a Ch. Kirwan '55 (25s), a château-bottled Ch. Léoville Poyferré '52 (37s 6d), Vosne Romanée '55 (27s 6d) and the '59 Loire Ch. de Chamboureau for the same price. Anyone who scoffs at the Trust House wine list is a foolish man indeed

AROUND TOWN

CHINESE

Tung Hsing, 22 North End Road, NW11 **(SPE 5990).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 6-11. This restaurant (opposite Golders Green tube station) serves food of a better quality and a greater authenticity than many of its type. The accent is on Pekingese cooking, though the menu is quite varied: pork spare ribs, sliced fish with beanshoots, Hung-Shao pork, Yangchow meat balls, all at predictable prices; Mongolian hot-pot and the Szechuan chicken must be ordered in advance. There is a 4s lunch. Licensed

DANISH

Wivex (Danish) Restaurant, 87 Wigmore Street, W1 **(WEL 1969).** Dinner 5.30 pm-1 am. Scandinavian food, in this country, usually means a collection of open sandwiches masquerading under the title "smorrebrod," the rest of the menu looking as dull as any other "Continental" restaurant. The Wivex isn't like that. As well as having a proper smorrebrod, it also lists 11 authentic Danish specialities, of which the *skilpadde* (turtle meat and veal in sherry with eggs and asparagus for 7s 6d) is a good example. And quite rightly they have *aquavit,* Swedish punch and six Danish liqueurs on the wine list. Wise to book for dinner

ENGLISH

Baron of Beef, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 **(MON 6961).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 5-9. Closed Sat and Sun. The sort of place London ought to be full of – but isn't. Traditional English food, properly cooked and served by a friendly, well-run staff. Scotch sirloin carved from a trolley. Yorkshire pudding and horseradish sauce (12s 6d), steak and kidney pie (15s 6d), and whitebait with lemon (8s 6d). It is fitting that the vegetables include bubble and squeak (3s). The wine list is large and rather dear but there are carafes and some by the glass
Fiddlers Three, 15 Beauchamp Place, SW3 **(KEN 4252).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 6.30-11. CS. This restaurant is proof that one can eat in London very modestly, yet have decent food that is properly cooked. Because the prices are so low the decor has to be kept functional: whitewashed walls, scrubbed tables and a blackboard menu. Cuisine basically British: duck soup, stuffed marrow, Norfolk stew with dumplings, baked woodpigeon, and the various fruit pies are tip-top value. Main dishes about 5s to 10s including vegetables. Take your own drinks. A good family place

FRENCH

Le Beurre Fondu, 1-3 Wilbraham Place, SW1 **(SLO 6321).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 6-10. CS. This has oak panelling, and has now been open about 18 months. It is part of the Wilbraham Hotel. There is a *table d'hôte* menu for 14s 6d (lunch) and 19s 6d (dinner) which is changed every day; the *à la carte* menu is internationally ambitious. Wines are dear, but there are small 4s glasses
Le Carrosse, 19 Elystan Street, SW3 **(KNI 5248).** Dinners only 7-11.30. CS. This is an attractive, pleasant place that sensibly limits its menu, and does what it does do very well and with some individuality. Basically French but sufficiently cosmopolitan to offer lemon soup (4s), *poulet Albufera* with wild rice (14s 6d) and lamb cutlets Shrewsbury with a piquant sauce (12s 6d). Try the *crème brulée* (6s) or brandy snaps Chantilly afterwards. Wines by the carafe for about 14s, by the glass 3s 6d

GREEK

Hendon Grill, 86 Brent Street, Hendon, NW4 **(HEN 8575).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 5.30-10.30. CS. The Hendon Grill is known locally as "Nick's" – because it is Nick who does the serving, and Mrs Nick who does the cooking. The cuisine is a sort of European mixture, with Greek food dominant; pork *kebab* (10s 6d), *moussaka,* mackerel baked in olive oil (6s 6d), and *bakhlava* or green figs for afterwards. Greek wines by the glass, 2s 6d. The exterior is very deceptive
Taverna Mykonos, 3 Heath Street, NW3 **(HAM 4300).** Lunch (Sat only) 12-3 pm; dinner 6-2. The current wave of interest in things Hellenic has encouraged the opening of a number of new Greek restaurants in London. This *taverna* in the basement of a coffee bar is already one of the most popular. The national specialities should be chosen: *avgolemono* (4s 6d), *houmos, souvlakia* (12s 6d for three skewers of beef on rice with onions and tomatoes), *dolmades* (stuffed vine leaves), and *afelia.* They give you Turkish delight with your Turkish coffee! Bouzoukee melodies are played by the Mykonos strings. Not licensed
Unity Restaurant, 91 King's Road, SW3 **(FLA 1379).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-10.45. CS. The Unity Restaurant has been serving Greek food to the inhabitants of Chelsea for more than 15 years, and has managed to survive the competition from all the new bistros and eating boutiques. *Dolmadakia* (3s 6d), *kebab* (9s 6d), *moussaka* (9s 6d) are most reliable and excellent value. Licensed: *retzina* 15s; Cyprus wines from 12s 6d; by the glass 3s. The service is good

INDIAN

Star of India, 154 Old Brompton Road, SW5 **(FRE 2901).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-12 (Sunday dinner 7-11.30). Another small, crowded and spotlessly clean place offering high standard food, and swift and competent service. Ceylon chicken (7s 6d), mutton *korma* (5s 6d), prawn *patia* (7s), Persian *pulaos* (8s 6d and 9s 6d) and mutton Madras (quite strong, 5s 6d), all well prepared and satisfying. No half-portions here, so don't order too much. Licensed: iced lager

INTERNATIONAL

Ceylon Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent Street, SW1 **(WHI 8632).** Tea Bar 10-6.30; Sat 10-1; CS. Tea Lounge 12-2.15, 3-6.15; closed Sat and Sun. There are so few places in London where one can get a good afternoon tea that this tea house is mentioned partly for that fact alone. It does it very nicely, too. Also lunch and elevenses, and if you want something not too heavy, an early dinner as well. Of course you must have tea (1s: spiced, mint, cinnamon, orange, lemon, etc.) with everything. Good original salad mixtures (about 20 varieties from 1s to 2s 6d) and tip-top pâtisserie. There is a Ceylon Curry in the winter. Only the greedy need spend more than 10s on their lunch

ITALIAN

Valchera's, 30 The Quadrant, Richmond **(RIC 0648).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 6-10.30 pm. Richmond does rather well for food; here is another worthy place and this time it is an Italian-Swiss restaurant. The Italian dishes predominate; minestrone (2s 6d), *trout meunière* (6s 6d), veal chop *peperonata* (11s 6d) or the roast chicken (9s 6d). The helpings are large. Some Italian and some Swiss wines; by the carafe 11s, by the glass 3s 3d

PAKISTANI

Karachi, 164 College Rd, Harrow, Middlesex **(UND 3303).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11.30. The Karachi is possibly the best place of any type to eat in Harrow. It has become very popular recently and is a useful addition to the tiny but growing list of restaurants in suburbs, worth a detour. Its range of dishes is long enough to please most tastes while not being so long as to suggest vats of curry sauce and tins and packets behind the scenes. *Birianies* (5s to 7s 6d), pilaws (4s 6d to 7s), curries 4s (*kofta*) to 7s 6d (*bhoona lobster*). No licence

POLISH

Marynka, 232 Brompton Rd, SW3 **(KEN 6753).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11. The cooking here is Continental, but the proprietor is Polish and his national cuisine is reflected in the dishes. Start with *bortsch* (5s hot, 6s 6d cold) then go on to the scampi in dill sauce (14s 6d), grilled chicken Marynka (14s) or veal Marynka with mushrooms, peppers, cheese and anchovies for the same price. The place is small and the service friendly. Wines dearish; some by the glass 3s 6d

SPANISH

Antonio's Spanish Restaurant, 3 Long Acre, WC2 **(TEM 9959).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6 pm-3 am. You must be very keen on things Spanish to really enjoy Antonio's. For not only are there flamenco dancers but the ceiling is low and the noise level high. Even the waiters have been known to sing. Stick to the Spanish dishes: *gazpacho* (3s), eggs *alla Flamenca* (7s 6d), *paella Valenciana* (14s), and for sweet the traditional Spanish sweetmeat, *turon* (crushed nuts and honey). Over 20 Spanish wines from 17s 6d), by the glass 2s 6d

WINE

Ebury Wine Bar, 139 Ebury Street, SW1 **(SLO 5447).** 12-3; 6-11 (12-2; 7-10.30 Sun). The food at the Ebury is mainly of the Danish open-sandwich variety, with a number of specialities like curried prawn, or cottage cheese with sliced apple and dates, or cold meats and salad (from 6s 6d). In particular the smoked cod roe on pumpernickel (3s) and the 6s *boeuf tartare* are good. On the drinkable side of the menu there is a decent range of wines by the glass or pitcher: Beaujolais, rosé, Aligoté, hock, claret and Sauternes (from 1s 8d the glass, or 9s the pitcher)

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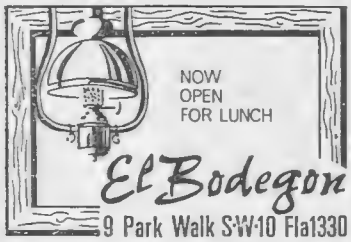

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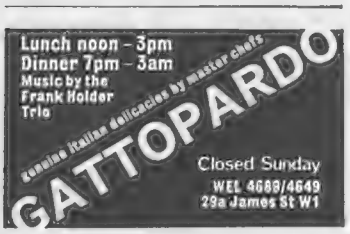

NIGHT LIFE

DINNER & DANCE

Annabel's, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Cover for dancing and drinking only 17s 6d. Discothèque, late dining club

Beachcomber, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777), 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum charge 30s a head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner from 6.30 pm-midnight, £2 to £2 10s a head. Cocktails from 7s. Wines from 21s to £3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am. Three vocalists and currently one Hawaiian who entertains once during the evening with a dance

Four Hundred, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7 pm till 3 am. Annual membership 10 guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approximately 50s per head plus wine. Drinks 5s 6d, after 10.30: 10s 6d. *Entertainment:* Currently dancing to The Gerry Moore Trio and The Cherry Pickers

Grosvenor House Restaurant, Park Lane, W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch: *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines from 15s to £3. Whisky 3s 3d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge on *à la carte* menu only 2s. *Entertainment:* Dancing from 8 pm-1 am, excluding Sunday, to the Sydney Lipton Band, also Los Cinco Ricardos Group

Hatchetts, 67 Piccadilly, W1 (HYD 1804 and 1871). Bars: 11-3 pm; 5-11 pm. Restaurant: midday-3 pm, 6.30 pm-2 am. Lunch and dinner *à la carte* only from 18s to £3. Wines – all by Grant's of St James from 21s to £4. Normal bar prices in the bars, but an increase of about 3d on spirits in the restaurant. Cover charge 2s. No service charge. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a band from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Currently: The Don Riddell Four

Renaissance Club, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). 11.30 am-3 pm and 5.30 pm to 12.30 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d to 37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence till 12.30 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a three-piece band

River Club, 129 Grosvenor Rd, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. 8 guineas London member, 5 guineas provincial member, 10s 6d cover charge, 42s 6d set dinner. Resident Calypso band. Roof garden with bar and casino on ground floor

Roof Restaurant, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar: midday-3 pm. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sunday. *A la carte* only £4 a head with wine. Whisky 6s. Cover charge 12s 6d. Service charge 12½ per cent. French cuisine. *Entertainment:* Dancing in the evenings only to Judd Solo and his band. Decor by Sir Hugh Casson. The restaurant has a magnificent view over London

Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington High St, W8 (WES 8000). Royal Roof Restaurant: Cocktails 7.30 pm. Dinner 8.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. Minimum charge for dinner £2 but more likely to be £5 to £6 a head plus wine; 10 per cent. service charge. All drinks at the bar 10s. Dancing to three-piece band, and violinists serenade you as you eat. Superb view. The Garden Room. Midday to 3 pm, lunch from 25s. 6 pm-11 pm, four-course dinner from 35s, plus wine. Service charge 10 per cent. Bulldog Bar and Chophouse: Midday to 3 pm, lunch approx 25s, or cold counter. Dinner: 6 pm-11 pm, same prices. Maze Coffee House. Open 24 hours a day. You can get a meal at 5 in the morning. Licensed till 2 am

Villa Dei Cesari, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453/VIC 9872). Open every day except Monday 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Also Sunday lunch. One of the best river views in London. Speciality Roman food. Dinner for two about £5-£6. Full wine list, carafes from 19s 6d. Dancing to 2 bands until early hours

GAMING

Blenheim, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight and 5s afterwards. Sandwich machine, food can be brought in

Crockford's, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (WHI 1131). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; chemin de fer 9 pm, blackjack 10 pm. Closes when play ends. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents, 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Bridge, chemin de fer, kalooki, poker and roulette. Limits vary. Restaurant and bar

The Establishment, 18 Greek St, W1 (GER 8111). Gambling starts between 11 pm and midnight. Membership, 2 guineas a year. Blackjack, poker and roulette. Minimum and maximum limits, 5s and £5. Bar open from 7 pm. Drinking till midnight in the gaming room. Food served 8 pm-3 am. Dancing on first floor

Hamilton Club, 2 Hamilton Pl, W1 (GRO 2591). Open all the time but gambling starts about 2 pm. Annual membership, 8 guineas. Mainly bridge but some poker is played. Minimum stakes 1s, maximum £1. Bar with normal licensing hours. Light food available but also a proper restaurant

New Casanova, 52 Grosvenor St, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer, craps table. Minimum stake about 10s

Pair of Shoes, 21 Hertford St, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner and 10 pm for gaming. Membership 10 guineas. Blackjack, roulette, craps and chemin de fer. No limit stud poker. Stakes go high, min 5s. Bar and restaurant facilities for members only

Palm Beach Club, 30 Berkeley St, WC1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes vary, 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar adjoining gaming room. Three-course dinner 25s, four-course dinner 35s

River Club Casino, 129 Grosvenor Rd, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership, restaurant 5 guineas. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

Sporting Club Knightsbridge, 163 Knightsbridge, SW 7 (KNI 4252). Club opens 3 pm and closes normally at 3 am but may be later, depending on state of play. Bar has normal licensing hours. Membership 3 guineas a year. Sundays an inclusive charge of £1 for champagne buffet; all buffet tickets sold are eligible for raffle the following Wednesday for prize to the value of £100. Blackjack 10s-£50, chemin de fer, table charge £3, maximum opening bank £15, maximum bank £200. American roulette, min stake 2s, max £50. American dice, min £1, max £50. Baccarat, min £2, max £250; à Cheval £500. Roulette 2s-£100. Restaurant opens 7 pm, breakfast from 1 am. Lunch midday-3 pm (bar open) 21s for three-course meal inc wine. Call about 3 or 4. Temporary membership can be arranged

The Victoria Sporting Club, 150/162 Edgware Rd, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Table fees. Baccarat, backgammon, bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette, and trente et quarante. Minimum stakes from 5s to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

DISCOTHEQUES

Birdland, 4 Duke of York Street, SW1 (TRA 1801). 8 pm-4 am. Membership: 4 guineas a year men, 2 guineas ladies. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d; ladies, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Full restaurant specialising in West Indian and Caribbean dishes. Dinner approx 23s plus wine. *Entertainment:* Special American guest artists perform once a fortnight. Dancing to discs and groups

Blacksheep, 5 Whitehorse Street, W1 (GRO 3277). 7 pm-3 am every night except Sun. Membership: 2 guineas a year men. Cover charge 14s including first drink. Grill room. Food approx £1 a head plus wine, whisky 3s 6d, wines from £1. Service charge 10 per cent. Licensed till 3 am. *Entertainment:* dancing to discs

Chalet Suisse, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 7.30 pm to 1.30 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Dinner approx £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently Eddie Dusham, Gwen Dolen and the Do Re Mi Trio, discothèque dancing, blackjack, roulette

Club Concorde, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular bar prices. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, roulette

Die Fledermaus, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientèle. Party night, Tuesday, all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs and some live groups

Fanny's Bistro, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm till 3 pm. Non-membership cover charge 2s 6d. After 10.30 pm minimum charge 1 guinea which includes

Cy Grant provides the cabaret at The Poor Millionaire

ght supper dish and 4 drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices

Le Kilt, 60 Greek St, W1 (GER 6744). 8 pm-3 am nightly. Membership: boys £1, girls 10s, for three months. Entrance fee: boys 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Light meals at approx 10s a head. Drinks at pub prices

The In-Place, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 1873). 9 pm till 4 am every night except Sundays. Annual membership 3 guineas. Entrance and first drink 25s, thereafter 5s

The 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 am

Scotch of St James's, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10 pm-4 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Entrance 10s members; £1 guests. Grills menu about £1 a head till 3.30 am. Drinks, single 5s; miniature 10s. *Entertainment:* Resident group, impromptu performances by famous clientele, cabaret

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

Antonio's Spanish Restaurant, 3 Long Acre, WC2 (TEM 7911). 12 till 3 pm lunch, 6 pm till 3 am dinner. Open Sun. Cover charge 3s. 10 per cent. service charge. Dinner approx 25s a head plus wine. Fully licensed. Dancing. Cabaret between 8.30 and midnight. Currently: Sali and his Flamenco troupe

Edmundo Ros, 177 Regent St, W1 (REG 7675 and 2640). 9.30-3.30. Cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge 30s a head. Full *à la carte* menu about £2 a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* The full Edmundo Ros orchestra

El Morocco, 15/16 Gerrard St, W1 (REG 2931). 10 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 1 am. No membership fee. Cover charge 10s 6d per head. Scotch, gin, etc., £5. Champagne £5, wines from 25s

Georgian, Georgian House, Bury St, St James's, SW1 (WHI 2791). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 5.30-midnight. Annual membership 25s. No entrance fee, cover charge or hostess charge. Whisky 4s. Dinner with wine about £3 a head. *Entertainment:* Cabaret. Hostesses (pussies, not bunnies), dancing to quartet

Murray's Cabaret Club, Beak St, Regent St, W1 (GER 4623 and 3241). 8 pm to 4 am. Dancing till 1 am. Breakfast from 2 pm to 4 am. Membership 1 guinea annually. Entrance fee 30s. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head plus wine. Breakfast 12s 6d. Hostess service at 1 guinea for each girl joining the party. Wines at various prices. Whisky £5 19s 6d bottle. Measure 4s. 10 per cent. service charge. Dancing to two bands. Floor-show "Moonlight and Dew" at 10 pm and 1 am

Negresco, 23 Brook St, Mayfair, W1 (MAY 5374 and 2443). Restaurant 9.30 am-3 am the next morning. Club 9.30 pm-3 am. Closed Sun. No entrance or membership fees. Five-course meal 30s (*à la carte* Mon-Thur). Whisky 3s 9d, beer 3s. *Entertainment:* Music, dancing, cabaret with Ronnie Ross, Art Fairbank, Johnny Hawksworth, Jon Tremayne, Lord Kitchener, The Three Dimensions. Showbiz guests often perform impromptu

Pigalle, 190 Piccadilly, W1 (REG 6423). 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Dinner from 7.30. No membership, no entrance fee. Mon to Sat: dinner dance and show 57s 6d inclusive, plus drinks. Mon-Fri: supper dance and show 3s. Whisky double, 7s. *Entertainment:* Spectacular floor-show, two orchestras

Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 3311). 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner dance and cabaret 2 guineas. Sat night 2½ guineas. No membership, no cover charge. 10 per cent. service charge. *Entertainment:* Cy Grant and Peter Reeves. 9.30-10.30 pm

The Society, 40 Jermyn St, SW1 (REG 0565). Zodiac Bar open 5.30 pm. Restaurant open 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Evening for two with wine about £5 10s. Service 10 per cent. Supper, dance and show. Mon to Fri 30s. Sat 35s, plus wine. *Entertainment:* Dancing, cabaret, currently Monica Boyar

The Stork Room, 99 Regent St, W1 (REG 3686). 8 pm till 4 am including Sundays. Dinner, dance and show with wine about £7 for two. *Entertainment:* Dancing to two bands and lavish floor-show currently called "Night Life" at 11.30 pm and 1.45 am

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BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby by Tom Wolfe. 2 Atomic Diplomacy, Hiroshima & Potsdam by Gar Alperovitz. 3 Eye & Brain by R L Gregory. 4 Fall-Girl by Jill Neville. 5 Passport to Peril by James Leasor

The week sees the first results of an international publishing venture, called the World University Library. At first glance too academic for many, perhaps, it aims to be a readable, absolutely expert, easily comprehensible guide to almost every aspect of modern research. Planned by a panel of advisers from the UK, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Spain and Holland, published in seven languages and in hardback and paperback, each book will cover one subject. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, the originators of the series and its London publishers, will present on 3 March the first five of the 100 titles planned. Their titles and authors are given on this page.

On the lighter side, there is a first novel from Jill Neville called *Fall-Girl* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, also 3 March. She is 33, Australian, left school when she was 15 and with her first pay packet of £5 bought Verlaine's poems and an arty necklace—a highly significant mélange, she thinks now. She wears white boots, a Foale & Tuffin suit, swims in her lunch hour, copywrites for an advertising agency three days a week, and writes at night.

She insists that *Fall-Girl* is not light. She says: "It's quite serious. It's not another of those sex-war-in-the-outer-suburbs books. It's only about a woman in the sense that any book written by a female which isn't about Napoleon is going to a certain extent to be about the female 'predicament.' There are lots of jokes, but it's not light—I see it as a web in which everything interplays. It's about feelings, against the background of the great indifference of London.

"I wish it could have been longer, but I hope every word has a cutting edge. It took me about a year and a half to write. I was living in a Paddington basement—you could look at the sky if you stood on a chair; it crumbled almost audibly and possessed two damp pianos.

"Being a first novel, half of it is autobiographical, but half is from experiences floating around in my subconscious, lit from various angles.

"I've never liked my prose before. It seemed too pretentious for the context or that I couldn't handle the context.

"I loved the largeness of the beauty in Australia. It gets in your pores no matter how many years you spend in London basements. I felt very good when I had written the book, as if I was walking round with a gun in my pocket. And as if I'd put a name to things I'd been wanting to put a name to for years."

carole d'albiac

NOVELS

A Touch of Red by William Fennerton. An American newspaperman tells the story of Martin Stranahan, a successful painter nearing middle age with a passion for Russia. When he visits Moscow, with his wife, he meets his downfall, partly through the machinations of party officials and partly through his affair with an Intourist girl. Hutchinson, 28 Feb, 21s

Passport to Peril by James Leasor. A second novel about Dr Jason Love, a Somerset doctor who is turned into a reluctant, non-sadistic, unsuspecting but able spy by force of circumstances. On a ski-ing holiday in Switzerland he finds a body in the snow and an old friend who turns out to be the Nawab of Shahnagar, in need of his help. Back in England he is equipped with a novel selection of spy gadgets before he sets off to peril in the Himalayas. Heinemann, 28 Feb, 18s

The Absorbing Fire by F W Kenyon. The Byron legend, not a study of the poetry, but what the author calls a psychological, fiction-treatment inquiry into the man who said, "I am such a strange mélange of good and evil that I find it difficult to describe myself." From childhood to death at the age of 36: love life, marriage, lameness, religion, passion for the cause of freedom. Hutchinson, 28 Feb, 30s

PLAYS & COLLECTED PROSE

The Last Analysis by Saul Bellow. Saul Bellow adds to his gallery of sufferers a declining television comedian of "infinite sadness salted with jokes." He enacts his own Last Analysis, from birth to mock crucifixion and reincarnation in a toga. The play flopped on Broadway, but it could make excellent reading. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 3 Mar, 21s

The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby by Tom Wolfe. First collection of the 33-year-old journalist's hip, bizarre, personality-strewn and idiosyncratic writing. The title refers to a car. The theme is tradition-deriding, a collection of personalities from the most modern America of Cassius Clay and Baby Jane Holzer. Jonathan Cape, 3 Mar, 30s

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

Victor Hugo and His World by Andre Maurois. A pictorial biography with quotations from contemporaries, pictures from the poet's private and public life, caricatures, cartoons, manuscript pages. Translated by Oliver Bernard. Thames & Hudson, 28 Feb, 25s

Women on the Warpath by David Mitchell. Women in the First World War: their work at the front, in hospitals, in munitions factories, their fight for the Vote. David Mitchell interviews surviving heroines and reconstructs from contemporary documents. Jonathan Cape, 3 Mar, 36s

Springboard to Victory by C. E. Lucas Phillips. The Burma Campaign, especially the engagement at Kohima Ridge in Assam, when 1,500 British and Indian troops held back nearly the whole of a Japanese division for two weeks, in April, 1944. It was called the *Stalingrad of Burma*. Heinemann, 28 Feb, 30s

Spanish Notebooks by Ivan Maisky. The fourth volume of the memoirs of the Soviet Ambassador to the UK from 1932-1943 is concerned with the proceedings of the London Committee for Non-Intervention in Spanish Affairs. Reports from the speeches made at the meetings. Hutchinson 28 Feb, 35s

Funny Way to Earn a Living by Michael Bateman. 20 British cartoonists, personal anecdotes and selection from their cartoons. Among them are Giles, Smythe, Scare, Vicky, Anton, Leslie Frewin, 28 Feb, 35s

CURRENT AFFAIRS & TRAVEL

Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam by Gar Alperovitz. A detailed, controversial account of the decision to bomb Hiroshima. The conclusions: that there was no military necessity to use the bomb, that it was used because of the conflicts between Russia and America and as a symbol of power. The author is 28, American, and is taking his Ph.D. at Cambridge University. Secker & Warburg, 28 Feb, 35s

Brazil by Andrew Marshall. A study of the most rapidly industrialised country in South America where many people still live in 19th-century conditions. Thames & Hudson, 28 Feb, 30s

Mexico City. 194 photographs by Bob Schalkwijk: the ruins of the Aztecs, the remains of the Spanish Empire, the vast steel and glass city of today. Spring Books, 25

WORLD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

All titles will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on 3 Mar in both hardcover and paperback

Eye and Brain, the Psychology of Seeing by R L Gregory. How the eye and brain work, how we recognise and are deceived by objects, the possibilities and limitations of our perceptual system. Experiments and arguments are related to past ideas, of Locke, Molyneux, Berkeley, to painting. 25s (or 14s)

The Economics of Underdeveloped Countries by Jagdish Bhagwati. The distribution of world income, the standards of living, the economies and the attitudes of countries in which two-thirds of the world's population live in poverty, their possible transformation and the international framework. 25s (or 12s 6d)

The Left in Europe by David Caute. What is the Left? Its origins, achievements, contradictions, ambiguities and its source of support from 1789 onwards. 25s (or 12s 6d)

The World Cities by Peter Hall. The fantastic growth and the problems and comparative development of the great metropolitan centres of the world: London, Moscow, New York, Paris, Tokyo, the Rhine-Ruhr. The future possibilities. 25s (or 14s)

Chinese Communism by Robert C North. The history of China from the 18th century, the anti-imperialist forces, doctrines and intrigues, struggles for power, the adaptation of Marxism and Leninism to the conditions in China. 25s (or 12s 6d)

NEW PAPERBACKS

Atlantic Fury by Hammond Innes. Fontana, 28 Feb, 3s 6d

Great Stories of Mystery and Imagination selected by Bryan Douglas. Baroque Victorian Tales of Horror. Fontana, 28 Feb, 3s 6d

Love is Eternal by Irving Stone. A rendering of Abraham Lincoln's marriage to Mary Todd. Fontana, 28 Feb, 6s

Gandhi an Autobiography reissued by Jonathan Cape, 3 Mar, 16s

One of Tom Wolfe's drawings for "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby," published by Jonathan Cape on 3 March.

Jill Neville, a 33-year-old Australian whose first novel, "Fall-Girl," will be published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson also on 3 March.

DISCS

One of the entirely good things about the explosion of new talent in the last couple of years has been the decline in power of the professional, company-employed artist and repertoire managers.

The job of an A & R man is basically to advise the record company on which performers are worth persevering with, advise the performers on which numbers they should sing, and then to supervise the making of the record.

Pre-Beatles, almost all these men worked on the payroll of the major record companies, and without their say-so it was almost impossible to have a disc put on the market. It followed that nearly all discs on sale carried the stamp of a handful of A & R men.

One of the doyens of them is Dick Rowe, of Decca. His fame in the business is heightened, somewhat cruelly, by the fact that he had the chance to sign up the Beatles and turned them down flat – allegedly with the words: "There are too many guitar groups about already." (To be fair to Dick, his version of the story differs from Brian Epstein's – he says the decision was taken by a subordinate and that as senior A & R man he carried the can.)

The incident, displaying as it did a certain fallibility in the system, probably marked the beginning of the decline. But the man who gave the snowball its first big push was Dave Clark, regarded by many as a much better financier than he is drummer. Roughly, royalties on a record work out at 2d for the performer, 1d for the writer of each song, and 2d for the original tape of the record. Dave Clark was the first to realise that *all* this – quite cheaply – could be his. He had the other four musicians in his Five under contract; he paid out around £60 for the hire of a studio and the making of a tape; and he sold it direct to EMI.

Nobody has since managed to do quite as well – but the old scene has gone for ever. Instead of the employed A & R men, there is a rash of youngish freelances.

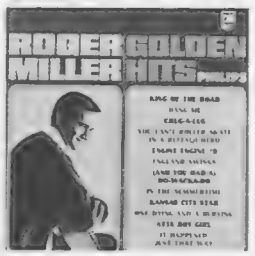
The old-time A & R men themselves have realised that they were doing themselves less than justice. George Martin, who was at one time almost as well known as the Beatles themselves, and who certainly contributed enormously to their recorded sound, was never paid more than a salary by EMI. "If I'd had just a farthing a record," he once sighed ruefully, "I'd be living in South America." He and a number of others now work independently, negotiating deals for each record separately and making sure they are in on a cut of the disc.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW by ANITA HARRIS

Françoise Hardy (Vogue VRL 3021). A beautiful, soft blue cover for a lilting soft blue record. Charles Blackwell arrangements weave in and out of Hardy-penned compositions and the whole effect is sweet, without being sickly. There are some very swinging pics on the inside of the album which show her with hair up, down and in pigtails, which roughly lines up with the mood changes on the record. Nice to have. Oh, it's all in French by the way, so make sure you have an *au pair* handy.

Woman Talk, Cleo Laine (Fontana TL 5316). Of all the LPs issued so far this year, this is the one I was looking forward to the most, one of my favourite singers of all. But apart from the title track, somewhere along the way the magic was lost, not by Cleo but by everything around her. Nowadays recording has become so technical that a singer cannot merely concern herself with her own performance or the arrangement behind her. The effect of a record is in the hands of the sound engineer who works in tandem with the arranger. Arrangers like Les Reed and David Whittaker arrange not only for musicians but for the "box," hearing an end product which may perhaps rely heavily on the talent of an engineer to translate the required mood. It didn't happen on this record, which is rotten luck. Memo to Cleo: Britain possesses one of the world's finest sound engineers, his name is Bob Auger



Golden Hits, Roger Miller (Philips BL 7696). This is a marvellous set. My spine hasn't stopped shivering since I saw him on *The Andy Williams Show*. He's luvly (big five-minute passionate sigh). The LP is chockful of goodies like *Inger-land Swings, Dang Me, King of the Road* and a very funny version of *In the Summertime*. The sleeve notes carry the news that the talented lad made a clean sweep the NARAS Country and of all possible awards in Western competition, an' ah muss say on hearin' the LP it shure nuff don' surprise me one itty bit!

P J Proby in Town (Liberty LBY 1291). Must be the finest male vocal talent recording in this country at the moment. This is my LP of the month. Arrangements from Johnnie Spence, Norman Smith, Johnny Scott and Les Reed back a delivery from the controversial PJ which deserves to put these 12 tracks right at the top of the LP charts. His treatment of *It Ain't Necessarily So* is quite brilliant and in fact I couldn't fault any track. Proby has a reputation for being hyper-self-critical. Even so, he has every right to feel very pleased with himself, for he has created something so perfect that just to listen to it will give a swift punch up the nostrils to all his critics

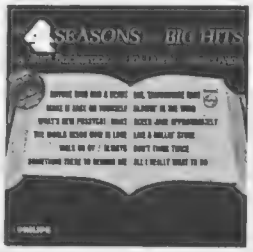
The "New" Look Fontella Bass (Chess CRL 4517). Of all this month's girl LPs, this is far and away the best. Here is a classic case of teamwork. The artist, arranger, engineer and A & R man have all huddled together with one thought in mind, "to make a great LP!" And they did it, too. It bears out all the promise of *Rescue Me*. She has a rich, exciting, fabulous voice and she brings a fresh, gutsy approach to *all* the tracks. She displays a marvellous pensive quality on *You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'* and has definitely produced the best version of *I'm a Woman* since Peggy Lee. A great party LP. It is also one to sit down to and hear *Since I Fell for You*. Nobody is going to sing this song any better (blast her!). Go ye forth and purchase a little

Bob Dylan. Well! Personally, I'll take the originals any time (and only those among you who have heard Burt Bacharach sing Bert Bacharach will appreciate the full John Birdian significance of that!)

Pastel Blues, Nina Simone (Philips BL 7683). Here are some really fine chocolate-voiced treatments of the sort of old cording manager will jazz standards my resometimes sit down and wistfully sing to the strains of his own guitar (and believe me, the word 'strains" has never been more accurately applied). Numbers like *Trouble in Mind* and *Chilly Winds* bring back memories of that old film clip of Big Bill Broonzy which crops up about once a month on Scottish Television's *Wonderful World*. Listening for boys with the "blues"

More Genius of Jankowski (Mercury 20074 MCL). The Berlin Music Conservatory's answer to Sounds Orchestral, which only goes to show what a great man Johnny Pearson is (Hooray for der Red, Blue und Whiting, hein?). The genius of Horst Jankowski? Titles like *Cruising Down the Rhine, Happy Frankfurt* (anybody been to Frankfurt lately?) and *Charming Vienna* tell all. Sorry Junko . . . er . . . Janko!

The Four Seasons sing Big Hits by Burt Bacharach, Hal David, Bob Dylan (Philips BL 7687). So the Four Seasons sing Big Hits by Burt Bacharach, Hal David and



TELEVISION

Newspaper people have a saying, at once timid and ruthlessly logical: "If you want to be clever, you've got to be careful."

Now television men are discovering that the slogan, hardly fresh when young Charles Dickens was polishing his shorthand, is as true as ever. Certainly, there are more "pop" programmes – mainly thrillers or adventure series – which demand intelligent interest; the question obsessing many producers is whether they are in danger of becoming too clever.

Softly, Softly, BBC 1's Wednesday night successor to *Z Cars*, is as clever as they come. It concerns the work of one of the new Regional Crime Squads, and hints, nudges and winks its plot and basic information, rather than hammering it home within the opening 120 seconds.

"The approach is dictated by the nature of the squad," says producer David Rose. "They work from clues and tips, in an area where nothing is particularly simple."

And he admits that while *Z Cars* followed a reasonably predictable storyline, it is not advisable to leave a *Softly* episode to make tea, love or a swift phone call. "Miss a couple of links in the chain, and the chances are that it will be difficult to catch on to what is happening."

Softly, Softly ends its first 26-week season in June. If it returns in a similar form after the summer rest, this could be the signal for a flood of keep-your-eye-on-us-every-instant entertainment. But not everybody at the Television Centre is convinced that it *will* return, and the doubt is significant.

The Spies, operating on BBC 1 on Saturdays, can be said to have been too clever. The series started out as *The Mask of Janus*, and the fresh spell-it-out label imposed after a few weeks, was the outward admission of a drive for simplification.

Scripts were altered, and the number of characters cut down, because somebody at the BBC decided that viewers were not ready to take so much subtlety.

It was also felt unwise to show too much of the cynical side of espionage: British departments snooping on each other; nominally friendly countries such as America and Britain engaging in backstairs squabbles.

Softly, Softly, ITV's tortuous *The Rat Catchers*, and a few other programmes are busy finding out. They have been, and are, clever. Soon the men behind them will know if they have also been careful . . .

peter magnus

Edwin Finn (left) has the nerve-testing role of a mummified corpse over whose face spiders will crawl in "The Tractate Middoth" on Saturday. Danny La Rue (right) impersonates the pop singer "Springy Dustfield" in Sunday's edition of "Tempo". Sub-title: "Don't Let the Wig Fool You, Mate". Both programmes are on ITV.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 26 FEBRUARY

World of Sport. Racing from Sandown, wrestling from Bermondsey, auto-cross from Great Glen (Leicestershire), racing from Chepstow (Wales), Rugby League from Warrington (Lancashire). ITV. 1.0

Evening Film. *The Man in the Sky* with Jack Hawkins and Elizabeth Sellars is the story of a test pilot who tries desperately to save a small aero-manufacturing company's only hope for the future – a prototype freighter. Directed by Charles Crichton and written by William Rose. ITV. 7.50

Thank Your Lucky Stars stars Gene Pitney, Tom Jones, The Marionettes, Patsy Ann Noble, Kiki Dee, Paddy Klaus and Gibson, The Yardbirds and Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers. ITV. 5.15

Guest stars on the Morecambe and Wise Show are The Settlers, Barbara Law and female singer Jackie Paul. ITV. 9.20

Mystery and Imagination Series. *The Tractate Middoth* by M R James stars David Buck as Richard Beckett, Norman Scace, Edwin Finn and is directed by Kim Mills. It is the story of a ghostly figure in a public library, a midnight raid on a cobweb-shrouded tomb and a treasure hunt on behalf of a pretty girl, providing Richard Beckett with an eerie adventure. ITV. 10.5

On the Braden Beat. Bernard Braden introduces the only late-night show with three top TV awards – a professional blend of comment and comedy that has been called the shortest half-hour on television. Directed by Rosamund Davies and edited by John Morrell. ITV. 11.5

Grandstand. Racing from Stratford, indoor athletics, amateur boxing, ice skating from Davos (highlights of the world figure-skating championships), ice hockey from Prague (Czechoslovakia v Canada). BBC-1

Juke Box Jury. This week's panel are Don Moss, Scott Walker, Judy Geeson (currently appearing in the TV twice-weekly serial *The Newcomers*) and Evelyn Taylor. BBC-1

Norman Vaughan is the guest star on the Black and White Minstrel Show. BBC-1

A new thriller serial written by Francis Durbridge begins with the first episode in a series of six called *A Game of Murder* produced and directed by Alan Bromley, starring Gerald Harper, June Barry and Conrad Phillips. The story is about Bob Kelly, a once famous professional athlete who now runs a sports shop in London, and when he is found dead on a golf course his son Jack refuses to believe the coroner's verdict of death by misadventure. BBC-2

Great Acting–Sir Laurence Olivier talks to Kenneth Tynan. The first part of the programme is set on the stage of the Old Vic Theatre and Sir Laurence talks about his early life as an actor. The second part deals with Sir Laurence's great roles that have made him famous; and scenes of the film *Othello* (which has not been released yet), extracts from *Hamlet*, *Richard III* and *The Entertainer* will be shown. BBC-2

Marian Montgomery, the American jazz singer, is the guest star on *Not Only . . . But Also*, the last episode in which Dudley Moore and Peter Cook will take a look at the fashionable puppet show, *Thunderbirds*. BBC-2

Afternoon Film. *La Beauté de Diable* is Réné Clair's tragi-comic version, made in 1950, of the Faust story, with Gérard Phillipe and Michele Simon as Faust and Mephisto. BBC-2

SUNDAY 27 FEBRUARY

Tempo this week highlights Danny La Rue filmed in cabaret and in his flat. ITV. 2.15

Afternoon Film. *A Night to Remember* with Kenneth More, Ronald Allen, Robert Ayres, Honor Blackman, Anthony Bushell, John Cairney and David McCallum. Adapted from the book by Walter Lord it is the story of the *Titanic*, of the men, women and children who sailed to the greatest sea disaster in living memory. ITV. 3.30

Gideon's Way (now in the *Danger Man* time slot) is called *Boy With Gun*. Threatened by three bullies, Chris Kirk, the son of a police sergeant, shoots one of the boys. The outcome brings him unexpected friends and a trying case from Commander Gideon. Stars are John Gregson and Alexander Davion and directed by Cyril Frankel. ITV. 7.25

Guest stars on the London Palladium Show are the Kessler Twins (girl singers) and Johnny Hart (conjurer). ITV. 8.25

Evening film. *The Real Glory*, starring Gary Cooper and David Niven. A young American doctor in the Philippines, in order to gain medical experience, becomes involved in the uprising of a band of religious fanatics who are terrorising the countryside. ITV. 9.25

Kim Novak and Jeff Chandler appear in the evening film *Jeanne Eagels*, BBC-1

People to Watch spotlights Professor Ramond Aron, a French sociologist, who discusses with Robert McKenzie and Erskine Childers the question "Can Democracy Survive?" BBC-2

Theatre 625. *A Man Like That*, written by Stanley Eveling and starring Norman Bird, Annette Crosbie and Irene Handl. Directed by Peter Dirguid. It is the story of a flashback to the last days of William Oaks, who is wandering through life without making much of an impression on anything or anybody. The author is more concerned with his thoughts and feelings than the events that take place. BBC-2

Horizon – *Route 128* – a helicopter powered by radio waves, a computer that can make medical diagnoses and a hair-raising method of testing driving conditions are three of the new American scientific developments to be seen in this programme.

SPORT

I was going to call this an open letter to Tommy Docherty Esq, manager of Chelsea, on the occasion of his team beating Leeds by one goal to nil in the FA Cup Fourth Round. But then it occurred that the man it should be sent to should fill a newly appointed position with every football club – that of crowd manager. After all, the club pay someone full-time to look after and represent the players. But what about the paying public?

It seems to me that London's football clubs have the same attitude towards the paying customer as the West End theatres. The only basic difference is that the lukewarm gin of the theatre bars is replaced by the lukewarm soapy light ale of the football club bars – if indeed they serve alcohol at all.

Battling into Stamford Bridge to see the Chelsea-Leeds game (attendance 57,000) it took me three-quarters of an hour to get from the main gates in the Fulham Road through the turnstiles. Most of this time was spent either trying to remove the saliva of a police horse from the shoulder of my overcoat or making myself as thin as possible in order to survive the frightening pressure of the crowd looked down upon by helpless mounted policemen.

I then avoided breaking a rib by a mere half-inch as, together with several hundred others, I was pushed against steel bars near the turnstile entrances.

It is time Chelsea took their responsibilities seriously. Or does it take someone to be killed before they organise the crowd entering their ground? As it was, the only woman I saw in my part of the heaving mass fainted and had to be carried aside.

Once inside, half an hour before kick-off, there were no programmes. And I would judge that many people would have found it impossible to see the match. After the game I fancied a cup of tea. Many of the cups offered were not fit to be drunk out of. Indeed, even the waitress was surprised and removed them. The other choice of drink: hot Bovril.

It costs 4s to watch Chelsea from the terraces. Good value when they are winning. It was a surprise therefore on a recent visit to see Queen's Park Rangers, in the Third Division, to be charged the same amount. The catering facilities at Fulham have to be seen to be believed, as you huddle under the stands after the match.

Why cannot clubs show some imagination? After all, they will profit from it in the end.

michael wale

Salmon Spray (left) and Flyingbolt (right) are two of the high-class horses entered for the Steeplechasing at Sandown Park this Saturday.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

First Division: Arsenal v Tottenham Hotspur. Highbury Stadium, Sat 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Arsenal.) All-London clash would have meant more earlier in the season. As it is, it becomes purely another exercise in Arsenal manager Billy Wright proving that his team have new fighting spirit
Fulham v Liverpool. Craven Cottage Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Putney Bridge then short riverside walk.) The potential league champions from Merseyside meet equally certain relegation side
Second Division: Leyton Orient v Charlton Athletic. Brisbane Road. Sat 3 pm. (Central Line to Leyton.) Bottom of the table teams meet. Should be exciting as they fight for Second Division survival
Third Division: Brentford v Oxford United. Griffin Park. Sat 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to South Ealing.) Yet another London side fighting for survival in their division. Brentford's right winger Docherty is the man to watch
Millwall v Watford. The Den. Sat 3 pm. (Metropolitan Line to New Cross Gate.) At last a London promotion challenger. Millwall are favourites to go up to Division Two

RUGBY UNION

Harlequins v Royal Navy. Twickenham Sat 2.45 pm. (Trains to Twickhenham from Waterloo or District Line to Richmond then bus 73 from Richmond Police Station)
London Irish v Cheltenham. The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train from Waterloo to Sunbury. Green Line coaches 718, 725.) After their recent 33 points to nil smashing by London Welsh the Irish should find this one easier
London Welsh v Neath. Old Deer Park, Richmond. Sat 2.45 pm. (District Line or train from Waterloo to Richmond, then short walk)
Metropolitan Police v London Scottish. Imber Court, East Molesey. Sat 2.45. (Train from Waterloo to Esher then short walk. Green Line coach 716, 716a to Hampton Court station then bus 206.) Big match of the season for the police force.
Wasps v Bath. Sat 2.45 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Sudbury Town)

STEEPLECHASING

Sandown Park. Sat. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher.) One of the best day's racing for some time. Flyingbolt from Ireland's Arkle stable is entered for the 2½-mile Stone's Ginger Wine Handicap Chase. Not to be outdone Scotland have entered their champion novice Arctic Sunset in the 2-mile National Hunt Centenary Novice Chase. And England's top hurdler Salmon Spray should be warming up for Cheltenham in the 2-mile Oakley Hurdle
Doncaster. Mon, Tues. (Trains from King's Cross)
Ludlow. Wed. (Trains from Paddington)
Newbury. Fri. (Trains to course from Paddington)

MOTOR SPORT

Brands Hatch. Sun 12.30 pm. Surrey Sporting MC sprint. (Trains to Swanley 14 min past hour from Victoria)

BADMINTON

Surrey Championships. Wimbledon Badminton Club. Fri 7.30 pm. Sat all day. Important championship. (District Line or train from Waterloo to Wimbledon).

GYMNASTICS

English Schools' Gymnastics Championships. Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre. Sat 2.30 pm. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Crystal Palace. Or Waterloo change at Clapham Junction.) Restaurant facilities. No dogs admitted to Centre

FENCING

Men and Women Universities Championship. Fri, Sat, Sun. All day. AFA HQ, 83 Perham Road, West Kensington. (Piccadilly Line to Baron's Court or District Line to West Kensington)

GREYHOUND RACING

Harringay, Mon and Fri 7.30 pm (Piccadilly Line to Manor House)
Hendon, Mon and Fri, 7.45 pm (Northern Line to Brent)
Park Royal, Mon and Fri 2.30 pm (Bakerloo Line to Harlesden then bus 12)
Stamford Bridge, Thurs 2.30, Sat 6.15 pm (District Line to Fulham Broadway then short walk)
Walthamstow, Tues and Sat 7.45 pm (Buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet, then short walk)
Wembley, Mon and Fri 7.45 pm (Metropolitan and Bakerloo lines to Wembley Park)
White City, Thurs and Sat 7.30 pm (Central Line to White City)
Wimbledon, Wed and Fri 7.45 pm (District Line to Wimbledon)

something to say...

National Health

I think it is about time our Government agreed that we should not have to subscribe to National Health if we do not want to, or perhaps better still, one should be able to use the doctor of one's own choice, National Health or not, and the Government (the insurer) in this case, would make a contribution towards your costs.

I also think it is about time that donations to charities were outside tax, and even more important, schooling.

Stirling Moss,
Shepherd Street, SW1

Vietnam

A great debate is in progress on the war in Vietnam. Everybody wants to stop it, yet many of those who proclaim loudest their desire to end war and condemn the American bombing – and indeed the American presence in Vietnam – imply that they alone wish to stop the war.

Can we not all see that the Congo, Cyprus, Vietnam are all symptoms of the same illness – the absence of any world law and machinery to enforce it? What a wonderful thing it would be if all those whose emotions are engaged about the symptoms could unite to cure the illness.

This is not nearly so difficult as some suppose. Every State preserves peace within its own borders by the existence of three conditions: a law against violence and against the possession of arms without the permission of central authority; courts to interpret the law; and police to enforce it.

There is no reason to suppose that stable peace can be preserved in the world without world institutions comparable with these three which every State, which has preserved its peace, has had to adopt. Curiously enough the leaders of virtually all States now seem to accept the need for these three things – which together amount to WORLD GOVERNMENT in the peacekeeping sphere. Yet their main – and singularly unsuccessful – effort continues to be towards disarmament, not realising that disarmament never will come except as part of a settlement establishing the three conditions. Governments will only do what their people want them to do: this puts a duty on all who feel deeply about peace to unite in something practical to achieve it. I suggest we all make it known to our own Government that we will support them in anything they can do to achieve their avowed aim of world government. With public opinion behind them, governments can act.

E. L. Mallalieu, QC, MP
London, SW1

A familiar name

Who *is* this John Shimwell fellow then? The name sounds familiar. Could he be the same jocular personable young man who lured my friend Greta from her safe and happy position at the Sunnyside Home for Idiot Gas Inspectors, with promises of fame and fortune and all that goes with Bognor Regis night life?

Her green button-up boot, found wedged in a Bognor Regis pillar box, was the only clue in her disappearance and terror and confusion reign at Sunnyside, where her absence is interpreted as a sinister omen.

Yours in wonderment.

Vera Viggers
(Miss Gas Council 1904)
Rosebeth House,
Birkbech Avenue, W3

Petty complaints

A very large percentage of letters seem to me to take the form of petty griping and trivial protest. Are we not pummelled enough by a great pyramid of publications, newspapers and periodicals with this tendency for every last person on earth to have some rather unpleasant observation on contemporary life? Is there no one left who can create a pleasant, cheerful group of words for the sake of sheer pleasure? Must we be eternally protesting, analysing, comparing and condemning to the exclusion of all other possibilities for the human spirit?

Charles de Temple,
Jermyn Street,
London, W1

Quality or quantity?

What a relief! The sales are finally over and the exciting Spring clothes are in the shops.

Having recently completed my Spring Collection and being very new at the game, it is continually amazing to me as to just how much does go into the creation of, say a dozen garments.

The first step of course is to have original ideas, to be able to put them down on paper. But this is only the beginning. Then the fun really starts. There are fabrics to be selected and finally decided upon, shapes and silhouettes to work out, colours to think about and, at the back of one's mind all the time—will it sell? However hard and long one works, this is always an undiscovered secret.

So you plunge in and hope for the best. The patterns and samples are made and production started to give quantities of finished garments.

I still cannot decide whether people are prepared to spend a reasonable amount of money on a well-made garment or whether they prefer the same garment as cheaply as possible.

Susan Locke,
King's Road,
Chelsea, SW10

Softly, softly

The appointment of Mr Henry C Rogers, Chairman of Rogers and Cowan, the American publicists, as "honorary Press Officer" for Prince Philip's March tour of the United States highlights two fascinating aspects of public relations. The first is praiseworthy—the realisation at this high level of the importance of professional publicists.

The second is anything but praiseworthy—the publicising of publicists by they themselves. I have absolutely no doubt that Mr Rogers' appointment is in itself a first-class news story and all power to Mr Rogers in a difficult but fascinating assignment. But I feel he would have done a better job by keeping his appointment quiet, at least so far as the public is concerned.

Oxford University, for obviously good reasons, appoints a firm of public relations consultants. Hooray. But why does the PR firm let it be known, thereby laying Oxford University open to a cry of "lack of students," and planting a seed of doubt in the public's mind that there is something vitally wrong: patently untrue in this case. Does a doctor circulate the names of his newsworthy patients to increase business? Or a lawyer, or bank manager his clients or customers, in the hope of gaining more?

Peter Hope Lumley,
Brompton Road, SW3

"S" Level

It was a surprise to me, having been "imported" from the States some five years ago, to find that the English people in positions of sales, hotel reception and the like, have trouble offering "Service with a capital 'S' " as we Americans would call it.

Perhaps it is a fear of sinking from "Service" to servility which is, of course, shunned by Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic. Ideally whether buying shoe polish, pork chops or a room for the night, we should not have to be told "I am afraid we haven't anything like that" before asking, nor should we get the impression that we are daft or putting people to great inconvenience when asking for a room.

I mentioned pork chops as it is a fact that Sainsbury's put their personnel through a course before putting them behind the counter, which explains their consistent and, I think, marvellously patient, helpful attitude. This despite long queues of dithering or inarticulate shoppers.

What about similar programmes in other major and successful enterprises? The goal would be a kind of "S" level or Diploma in Service, automatically enabling its holder to command a higher starting salary. Protracted sighs, both the martyred and just plain exhausted variety, would be discouraged in all such courses.

If, while shopping, someone would make me feel welcome, or even a little pampered, it would cheer me up enormously.

Mrs Michael Flanders
(Claudia),
Kensington

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